

CHOICE STORIES.

OR

RELIGION DEMPLIFIED.



PORTLAND:

SHIRLEY & HYDE.

1828.

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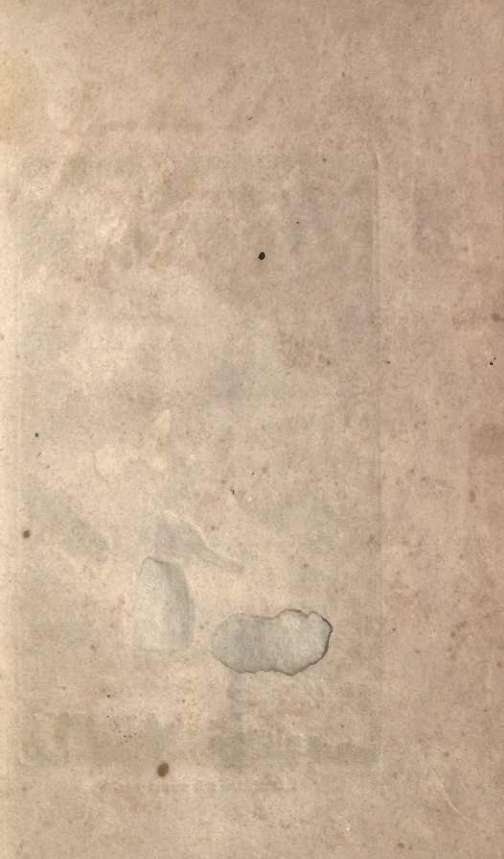


Caroline G. Sterling
from Cousin
John R. Dutcher

Charles D. Smith

from London

Oct 1. 1844





It cried as if it was in pain.

JULIA

AND

THE PET-LAMB:

OR

GOOD TEMPER AND COMPASSION

REWARDED.

Portland;

PUBLISHED BY SHIRLEY & HYDE.

1827.

Editha Sterling

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JULIA

AND

THE PET-LAMB.

“ Now, mamma, I have finished my work : is it well done ? ” said little Julia, as she showed the pocket-handkerchief she had just hemmed, to her mother. Her mother replied, “ Yes, my love, very well done : fold it neatly up, put it into my work-bag, and then go to play.”

Julia. May I go into the garden ? The sun is in the west, but he is not set. Look, mamma, how beautiful the sky is ! The clouds are like gold ! And see, the fields and trees, a great way off, are of a beautiful purple colour ; while the elm trees here, on this side of the garden, look almost yellow, be-

cause the sun shines on them. Mamma, may I go to the bottom of the lane, behind the elm trees? I shall have time to go there before the sun is quite gone.

Mrs. Vincent. Why, Julia, do you wish to go there?

Julia. Because the bank, near the end of the lane, is covered with primroses, and violets, and cowslips. You know, mamma, that Mary, my dear Mary, will come home to-morrow. Now I should like to pick a great many flowers, and put them into her room, to look pretty and to smell sweet. Mary is fond of primroses, violets and cowslips. May I go, mamma? I will not be gone long: I will run very fast all the way there, and all the way back. May I go, mamma?

Mrs. V. Yes, my dear, you may: you may stay out half an hour—not longer.

Julia. Oh, thank you, mamma! Half an hour is very long: I shall come in sooner than that. I am sure I shall not stay out so long, so very long, as half an hour.

Mrs. V. I do not desire you to come in

sooner; but if you do not take care, you will, perhaps, stay beyond the time I have mentioned. Half an hour will pass very quickly, whilst you are busy gathering your nosegay.

Julia. I believe you are right, mamma; for I never know when it is an hour, or when it is half an hour. When I am doing any thing that is disagreeable, the time seems so long; but when I am talking with you, or doing any thing that is very agreeable, an hour seems like a minute. How shall I know when to come in. Can you tell me, mamma?

Mrs. V. It is now half past six o'clock; when the church clock strikes seven, come in.

Julia. Oh, yes! thank you, mamma. I can hear the church clock strike very well, from the place where the primroses grow; and I can listen all the time I am gathering the flowers.

Mrs. V. Well, put on your hat; make haste. If you go on chattering here, the half

hour will be over before you get to the bank.

Julia put on her hat, her tippet, and her gloves, and ran as fast as she could down the lane. When she reached the spot where the flowers grew, she was tired and out of breath. She sat on the bank, for a few minutes, to recover her breath: she was soon rested. Then she jumped up, and began to look about her. She looked round for the largest and freshest flowers, as she wished to have a beautiful bow-pot. She had only gathered three primroses, a few violets, and had her hand on a fine wild hyacinth, to pluck it, when she heard a rustling noise behind her: she looked to see what occasioned it. As she turned her head, something large, white, and heavy, fell over the hedge, from the field on the other side, rolled down the bank, and lay quite still. Julia wondered what it could be. At first she thought it was a large stone; but she did not see or hear any person who could have rolled it over the hedge; and stones cannot move by themselves. She stood looking towards the place where the white thing

lay, unable to decide what it was. In a few moments she heard the faint bleat of a lamb. Now she guessed it was a poor lamb, which had been frightened. She supposed that, in its haste to get away from the cause of its terror, it had fallen down the high bank into the lane. She feared it was much hurt ; for it cried, as if it was in pain, and did not attempt to move. She went up close to it : it lay quite still. She patted its back—it bleated piteously : it tried to lick her hand. She was surprised to find it so gentle, till she observed a blue ribbon about its neck : then she thought it was Miss Beauchamp's pet-lamb. She had been told that Miss Beauchamp had a favourite lamb, which was so tame that it fed out of her hand. She recollected, likewise, that the field next the lane belonged to Sir Henry Beauchamp ; that his house was very near, a few yards to the right. She therefore felt quite sure it was Miss Beauchamp's lamb. Julia was sorry the poor animal was hurt ; she wished somebody would come and take it home ; but she feared, that

if she ran to tell the people at Sir Henry Beauchamp's to fetch it, the church clock would strike seven, before she had finished gathering her bow-pot. She turned to go back to the flowers. The poor lamb bleated again, very piteously, and seemed to implore her to have compassion for its sufferings. Julia stopped: she said, "Mary is kind and humane—she would not leave any animal in distress, without trying to assist it. Besides, when I read, to-day, how God made the world and all things in it, mamma told me he was good and merciful; that he loved all the creatures he had made. She said too, we ought to endeavour to imitate him, that he may love us. No; God will not love me, if I am cruel to this poor little lamb. Well, I will go and tell somebody at the house where it is. Perhaps, after all, I shall have time to get a small bow-pot."

Away Julia ran; but in a moment she heard the barking of a dog: she saw the lamb make an effort to rise and run away—but it could not stand, it fell down directly.

“Poor little lamb !” said Julia, “how terrified it is : no doubt that is the dog which hunted it. If I go away, the cruel dog may find it, and worry it to death, before any person can come to its assistance. Oh ! I see the dog running across the field yonder. What can I do ? I will try to carry the lamb home : it is only a little way to Sir Henry Beauchamp’s house.”

Julia returned to the lamb, and after two or three endeavours, succeeded in getting it up into her little arms. It was very heavy : it was as much as she could carry. When it bleated, she said, “Do not cry, pretty little lamb—I’ll try not to hurt you ; but you are very heavy, and if I do not hold you tight, you will fall to the ground. I am carrying you home, where you will be taken care of. I will make haste—I will walk as fast as I can—but you are very heavy.”

The lamb could not understand what the little girl said ; however it was accustomed to be petted and caressed, therefore her kindness and fondling soothed and pleased

the poor animal. It lay quietly in her arms : it neither kicked nor struggled to get away.

Julia walked as fast as she could ; yet she got on very slowly, for she was soon tired—so tired, that she would have sat down to have rested, had she not feared the dog might jump from the field into the lane, and follow her. Besides, if she did not make haste, there was no chance of her having time to gather the primroses before seven o'clock. She went on, therefore, only stopping a moment, now and then, to recover breath. At length she reached the end of the lane. She turned to the right ; but before she had gone as far as the gate that opened into Sir Henry Beauchamp's park, she saw several people come through it, and come towards her. A little girl ran on before the rest of the group. When she was near Julia, she exclaimed, " It is my lamb ! The moment I saw you, I knew you ! Dear, naughty lamb, why did you run away from me ? Thank you for bringing him to me. You look very tired. Give him to me now, if you please—

I will carry him to his own house." "Take care," replied Julia, "how you hold it, for it is badly hurt, I fear. It is not a naughty lamb, I believe. I think it has been hunted by a dog. I was gathering flowers in the lane, when it fell over the hedge: its leg is cut so badly, that it cannot stand. See, how it bleeds! I was coming to tell you or somebody to fetch it; only I saw a dog at a distance, and I feared he would bite it, if I came away, so I have brought it with me. I made haste, lest the dog should overtake us, if he got in the lane. See, he has found us out! Look, he is running towards us! I am glad the lamb is safe. No, no, dog; you cannot get the lamb now."

By the time Julia had finished speaking, Sir Henry and Lady Beauchamp, with two servants, who were all in search of the lamb, came up to her. "See, mamma," said Miss Beauchamp, "this kind little girl has brought my lamb home. He is very much hurt. Poor Bello! you are very heavy; I can hardly

hold you. Mamma, there is the dog which frightened Bello."

Lady Beauchamp desired one of the servants to carry the lamb into the house, and the other to find out to whom the dog belonged, and to tell his master to keep him at home, that he might not do any more mischief. Sir Henry Beauchamp returned to the house, to examine the poor lamb's leg, and to see what could be done for it. Miss Beauchamp went likewise, to assist in nursing her favourite.

Lady Beauchamp took Julia by the hand, and said, "I am much obliged to you, my dear, for all the trouble you have taken. Come with me, and eat some strawberries and milk, to cool and refresh yourself: you appear fatigued and heated.

Julia. Thank you, ma'am: I should like to rest myself, for I am tired; but I do not think mamma would be pleased, if I went with you without her permission; and she only gave me leave to go into the lane to pick flowers. Besides, I am to go into the house

again at seven o'clock ; and I wish very much indeed to get some primroses and violets, to ornament Mary's room against to-morrow.

Lady B. You are right, my dear, not to do any thing your mamma would disapprove. What is your name, my love ? Where does your mamma live ? I should like so good a child to come and play with my little girl. If I ask your mamma, perhaps she will allow you to come, some evening, and drink tea with us. I do not think you would dislike strawberries and milk for supper, if your mamma approved it. Should you ?

Julia, smiling, answered, " Oh, no, ma'am ! I like strawberries very much. I used to eat them, last summer ; but I did not know there were any ripe now : we have none in our garden. The strawberry-plants are only in blossom."

Lady B. I have none ripe in the garden. Those I shall give you will come out of a hot-house. Where do you live, my dear ? What is your name ?

Julia. My name is Julia Vincent, ma'am ; mamma lives at the top of the lane.

Lady B. At the pretty white cottage, which stands in a garden ? I recollect it. Mrs. Vincent has not lived there long, I think.

Julia. No ma'am ; only a little while. We lived in London before. I do not like London. Mary will come down to-morrow, for the first time. I forget, I shall not be able to gather the flowers for her, if I do not make haste. Good bye, ma'am.

Lady B. Who is Mary ?

Julia. My sister. She is very good. I try to be like her. I hope I may be as good and as wise as Mary, when I am as old. Mamma came here because London made her ill. She brought me with her, but Mary staid with my aunt. To-morrow they will both come here. Then I shall be happy ; for I love Mary, she is so kind to me. Mary likes primroses, cowslips, and violets. She will be pleased to see her room so pretty :

she will not expect to find so many flowers blown, for there are none in London.

As Julia ended her speech, the church clock began to strike : she added, in a melancholy tone, " So, it is seven ! I must go in : Mary will have no flowers.

Lady B. I am sorry, my love, your kindness to Bello has been the cause of this disappointment to you.

Julia added, more cheerfully—" Perhaps I shall have time to-morrow to get some, before she comes. It is my own fault : if I had gone back directly, I should have been able to have gathered a few : I have lost the time in chattering. If I chatter any more, mamma will wonder where I am. Good evening. I hope the lamb will soon be well."

Julia ran home. Her mother was surprised to see her return empty handed. " Where are your flowers, Julia ?" asked Mrs. Vincent : " I expected to have seen a bow-pot almost as big as yourself."

Julia. Oh mamma ! just as I was beginning to gather it, a poor lamb fell over the

hedge. It was so badly hurt, that it could not walk—it could not stand. It was very tame, and had a collar of blue ribbon round its neck. So I gussed it belonged to the young lady who lives at the large house in the park. You know, mamma, Mrs. Thomson, who called to see you yesterday, talked a great deal about Miss. Beauchamp, and her pet-lamb, which fed out of her hand.

Mrs. V. Yes, I remember she did. Now tell me what became of the lamb.

Julia. Mamma, I carried it home :—no, not quite home ; because I met Miss Beauchamp, and her papa and mamma, before I reached the gate. The lamb was very heavy : I could not walk fast whilst I had it in my arms. By the time the servant took it from me, and that I had talked a little, the church-clock struck seven, and I was obliged to come in without the flowers. I am very sorry—very sorry, indeed ; because Mary will come home to-morrow.

Mrs. V. Very sorry, for what, Julia ? because the lamb is hurt ? because you have

no flowers? or because Mary will come home to-morrow?

Julia. . Oh, no, mamma, not that. I am glad my dear Mary will come home to-morrow. I am sorry I have no flowers to put into her room. I wished, so very much, to ornament her room with flowers, to surprise her, that though I was sorry to see the lamb in pain, and bleeding, do you know, mamma, I was near leaving it where it was, and gathering the bow-pot, instead of carrying it to Miss Beauchamp.

Mrs. V. What determined you, my dear, to assist the lamb?

Julia. Why first, mamma, I thought it was not like Mary, to leave it in its distress. Then I remembered, she would know nothing about the matter, so I fixed to gather the primroses; but just as I settled so to do, I recollected that you told me, this morning, that God was merciful and kind to all things, and that we ought to endeavour to resemble Him: I mean, to resemble him as much as we can. You know, mamma, if we try and

try forever, we shall never be as good as God is. I was afraid God would be displeased, if I were cruel to the poor lamb. Now, though Mary would not know I had been naughty, I was sure God would, as he sees and knows all that is done in the world. Did I think rightly, mamma?

Mrs. V. You did my dear.

Julia. Are you glad, mamma?

Mrs. V. I am ; I am always glad when you are good. I am pleased you remember what you read, and what you are taught. I rejoice too, to find that you make a proper use of the knowledge you possess. It is of no use to know that God sees and hears us at all times, if we do not take care to act in a manner that is pleasing to him.

Mrs. Vincent then kissed her little daughter, and patted her rosy cheek. Julia stood by her mother's side a few minutes, without speaking, and then said :

“ After all, my being good was of no use, mamma ? ”

Mrs. V. How so? I do not understand you, Julia.

Julia. Do not you recollect, mamma, I told you, Sir Henry and Lady Beauchamp, and two servants, as well as Miss Beauchamp, were all come out to look for the lamb. They would have turned up the lane where the lamb was; so that if I had gathered my bow-pot, Bello (that is the name of the lamb) would have been taken care of, just the same. It would have been the same thing—no, not the same thing, for I should have had the flowers for Mary.

Mrs. V. Stop, Julia; let us consider a little before you proceed. Perhaps it would not have been the same thing to the lamb; certainly it would not have been so to you. First, it is possible Sir Henry and Lady Beauchamp might not have turned up the lane where the lamb was; they might have walked straight on. Supposing, after they had looked in other places, they had, at last, found the poor animal, the length of time it might have lain without assistance, would

have added greatly to its sufferings. The other day, when you fell off the stile, cut your hand, and beat the gravel into the wound, I fancy it would not have been the same thing to you, whether I had attended to it or not? If, instead of returning directly to the house, soaking your hand in warm water, cleaning it from the stones and dirt, and putting sticking plaster over it to keep the air from it, I had first finished my walk and had left your hand bleeding, with the gravel sticking in it, for an hour or two, you would have suffered a great deal more pain.

Julia. Yes, mamma, indeed I should. My hand smarted sadly, and hurt me extremely at first; but after you had dressed it, and tied it up so neatly, it was soon easy. We had a charming walk afterwards. I am sure I should not have enjoyed the walk, or any thing else, whilst the pain continued. Pain is very disagreeable. Well, if I saved the lamb some misery, I am glad; though by doing so, I have lost the flowers. I do

not think Mary would have admired them when she found out that I had left Bello in order to gather them. Every time she looked at them, she would have thought more of the poor animal, than of their pretty colours or sweet smell. Every time she spoke to me, I should have feared she had discovered the truth. When she said, "thank you, dear Julia, for these flowers, I like them very much," I should have thought, You would not love me, if you knew all. I should not be your dear Julia, if you knew I had been cruel and unkind to a dumb animal, on purpose to get this bow-pot. So, after all, mamma, it is well I did not gather the flowers; they would not have made me happy. Mamma, you said, just now, that certainly it would not have been the same thing to me, if I had left the lamb. Why not, mamma?

Mrs. V. Goose-cap! why ask that silly question? Reflect on what you have yourself said, and find out the reason if you can.

Julia. Oh, now I guess, mamma! Be-

cause, though the lamb might have been taken care of, I should not have had any merit : I should have been cruel all the same, though chance might have brought some one else to its assistance.

Mrs. V. True, my dear ; you would have been conscious of having acted improperly.

Julia. Mamma, if I get up early to-morrow morning, may I go and gather the primroses, violets, and cowslips, before breakfast ?

Mrs. V. You may ; I am glad this idea has occurred to you. I hope you will still enjoy the pleasure of ornamenting Mary's room.

Julia. Why do you say *hope*, mamma ? I am now sure of the flowers, as you have given me permission to gather them.

Mrs. V. You considered yourself sure of them, this evening, when you left me ; yet, Julia, you were disappointed. No one is sure of the future. It is possible, some-

thing we do not at present foresee may again disappoint you.

Julia. I do not think so : Miss Beauchamp has no more pet-lambs to fall over the hedge.

Mrs. V. Are Miss Beauchamp's pet-lambs the only things in the world ? Suppose it should rain to-morrow morning, I should not then allow you to go out in the wet : I should fear you would catch cold, and be ill, as you were in the winter.

Julia. Do you think it will rain, mamma ?

Mrs. V. No, Julia ; I do not expect a rainy day to-morrow. The appearance of the evening promises a fine morning. I do not think you will be again disappointed : I hope not. I only said, it was possible you might not be able to accomplish your wishes.

Julia. Oh dear ! If I am disappointed again, what shall I do, mamma ?

Mrs. V. Bear the trial well, my love. If you should not have all you wish for, you

will still have a great deal to make you happy. Do not look sorrowful, Julia. You are not disappointed yet. It will be time enough for that dismal face, when the evil is come. It is wise to resolve to behave well when we are tried : it is silly to fret about misfortunes which may never happen. You told me you talked a little—to whom ?

Julia. To Lady Beauchamp.

Mrs. V. What did she say to you ? What did you say to her ?

Julia. She thanked me for carrying the lamb home : she asked me to go with her, to eat strawberries and milk.

Mrs. V. Did you go ?

Julia. No, mamma. Might I have gone ? I thought you would not approve of my going, without your knowing where I was.

Mrs. V. You judged correctly. I should not have confidence in you, if, when I permitted you to go to one place, you went to another, without my knowledge, I should not then trust you out of my sight.

Julia. I am glad you have confidence in me : but, mamma, do you know, Lady Beauchamp said she would ask you to give me leave to spend an evening with her little girl. Shall you permit me to go mamma ?

Mrs. V. I cannot inform you now, my dear : when Lady Beauchamp fixes a time for your visit I will then decide.

Julia. I hope it will be convenient and proper. I dare say I should be very happy, and spend the evening very agreeably. Do not you think so mamma ?

Mrs. V. Yes, most probably you would.

Julia. Mamma, did you know strawberries were ripe ?

Mrs. V. It is too early for them in the open air. Those that are ripe at this season of the year, must be forced.

Julia. Yes, Lady Beauchamp said they grew in—in some house.

Mrs. V. In a hot house.

Julia. Yes, yes, in a hot-house ; that is

what she said. What is meant by a hot-house, mamma ?

Mrs. V. A house built on purpose to hold plants. The top and sides are made of glass, in frames, something like windows, which shut tight to keep out the cold air. At one end there is a stove for a fire, to heat the air within the house. Round the walls are flues to let the heat from the fire reach every part. Flues are passages left in the inside of the walls : they are somewhat like pipes. When the frames are shut, no cold air can get into the house from the outside, so the gardener can keep the plants as warm as he chooses. The flowers and fruit blow and ripen in a hot-house, as they do in the gardens in summer. This is called forcing them ; that is, making them more forward than they would naturally be at this season. When you go to see Lady Beauchamp, perhaps she will allow you to look at her hot-house ; then you will understand better what I have said.

Julia. Thank you, mamma ; I believe I

understand you. But why is so much glass used? If it be necessary to keep a hot-house very warm, I think brick walls would answer better than glass: bricks are thicker than glass.

Mrs. V. True, they are so; yet glass excludes the air as perfectly as a brick wall does. The frames are made to open and shut like windows; and this circumstance enables the gardener to let in fresh air when proper. Brick walls could not be moved about at his pleasure. Besides, glass admits the light; it is transparent. Flowers and trees require light, in order to make them grow, as well as air. They would never come to perfection if they were shut up in darkness.

Julia. How strange, mamma! They could grow as well in the dark, I think: they do not want light to show them how to grow.—Why will they not grow in the dark?

Mrs. V. I cannot tell why, Julia; but that plants require light to make them thrive, is a fact which has been proved by many experi-

ments. When you are old enough to read natural history, you will find many other curious things. The world is full of wonders. The works of God are extremely curious and wonderful. The more you see and hear of them, my dear, the more cause you will discover to love the Almighty for his mercy and goodness, and to adore and admire his infinite wisdom and power.—Now, my dear little girl, kiss me and go to bed: it is past eight o'clock.

Julia. Good night, my dear mamma, I shall get up very early to-morrow morning. If it be fine, I may gather the flowers before breakfast, without waiting to ask you: may I not mamma?

Mrs. V. You may. Good night, my love!

As soon as Julia awoke, the next morning, she recollected the bow-pot. She jumped up and washed and dressed herself. Though Julia was a little girl, not quite seven years old, she could dress herself. Her mother did not wish her to be helpless, and had there-

fore taught her to do many things for herself, that some children of her age, are obliged to have done for them. The little gown she wore in the morning, fastened in the front, thefore she could button it without help. If she could not have dressed herself, she would have been forced to have staid in bed till the servant had been at leisure to attend to her. She made haste to get ready, said her prayers attentively and devoutly, and then ran off merrily. Her mother had taught her that it was right to pray to God repeatedly; and she was too good ever to forget this important duty. She never allowed her pleasure, or her business, to make her forget her prayers.—Every night, before she lay down, she entreated God to forgive all her faults, and thanked him for the blessings she had enjoyed. Every morning, before she left her room she returned him thanks for the refreshing sleep she had had, and prayed him to watch over her, and enable her to do what was pleasing in his sight.

When she reached the bank, she was sad-

ly disappointed : all the finest flowers were gone : only a few faded ones were left, which were hardly worth the trouble of gathering. " Oh dear what a pity ;" said poor Julia. " I wonder who has been here ! I wish I had got up earlier. However, perhaps it was last night that they were plucked. I saw some boys and girls at a distance, as I went home : probably they came this way and took the primroses. I wish they had not touched them. I dare say they did not want them as much as I do : but I will pick some of these, and ask mamma if she thinks Mary will like them. I fear she will not, for they look half dead !" The disconsolate Julia walked slowly back, with the faded nosegay in her hand. She met her mother who was coming down to breakfast, in the passage.

Julia. Oh, mamma ! you were right in saying we could not be sure of the future. I have lost my bow-pot, notwithstanding it is a fine morning : all the good flowers are gone ! See, mamma, only these shabby things were left. Did you think, last night, somebody

would take them before I went to gather them ?

Mrs. V. No, Julia, I did not : I am very sorry for this second disappointment ; particularly as you bear it with good humor, and do not indulge in fretful repinings. These flowers in their present faded state would be no ornament for your sister's room. But I believe I can assist you in your distress. On Monday, when we walked through the lane on the other side of the church yard, I observed a profusion of wild flowers in the hedges ; and in the fields adjoining there are primroses and cowslips. It is too far for you to go alone ; but after breakfast I will accompany you there. I hope that, after all, you will have the bow-pot you are so desirous of.— You have conducted yourself very well, my love, both last night and this morning. Yesterday you gave up your own pleasure to assist the poor lamb ; and now you support the loss of the flowers with good temper. I am glad it is in my power to make you some amends.

Whilst at breakfast, Julia expressed her fears that Mary might arrive before she returned from her walk. "At what o'clock, mamma, will my aunt and Mary be here?" said she. "I cannot tell exactly," replied Mrs. Vincent. "Not so early, however, as you seem to expect. London is more than twenty miles from this village. Your aunt will, I believe, set off soon after breakfast; but we can walk to the church-lane, and back again, in a shorter time than she can travel twenty miles. I expect you will be able to do a great deal of business before they arrive. I think you will have time to ornament Mary's room, say your lessons, and work, all before they come. I do not suppose they will be here till nearly three o'clock." "Not till three o'clock!" exclaimed the little girl: "that is a long time."—"It will not appear long, if you employ yourself."

When breakfast was finished, Mrs. Vincent put on her hat and cloak, to walk with her little daughter. Julia fetched her clogs, and just as she was tying them on her moth-

er's feet, she heard some one knock at the hall-door. "Oh, mamma, I do believe they are come! I am so glad!" She was so delighted at the thoughts of seeing her sister, that she did not, even at that moment, recollect the bow-pot. "May I open the door to let them in, mamma?" said Julia.

Mrs. V. You may open the door, Julia, though I do not imagine it will be to let Mary in: it is much too early.

Julia opened the door, but instead of Mary she saw Miss Beauchamp, holding a large bow-pot, and a servant, who was with her, carrying a beautiful rose-tree, in full bloom, in her arms. Julia exclaimed, in raptures, "What lovely flowers!"

Miss B. I am glad you admire them. They are yours. Mamma sends them to you with her love. All these hot-house flowers mamma sends you; but these primroses, violets, cowslips, and bluebells, I give you. Mamma gave me permission to get up very early this morning, to gather them for you. I did not know the gardener had been desir-

ed to bring in a nosegay, so I arose very, very early, and gathered all these. I do not mean I picked them every one myself: no, Charlotte, who went with me, helped me. Do you know, whilst I was at breakfast, this bowbot was brought into the room. Mamma put it into my hands, and said, "Emily," you may carry these flowers, with my love, to your little friend, who kindly took care of Bello last night."

Julia was lost in admiration: she nearly forgot to thank Miss Beauchamp. She took the flowers to her mother, and asked if she had ever before seen any so extremely beautiful: pray smell them; they are very fragrant." Then she turned to Miss Beauchamp, and said, I thank you, very much: pray tell your mamma, I am very much obliged to her. I am sure Mary will be surprised: she will never expect to see such beauties! Is the lamb well, to-day? How is its poor leg? Does it bleed still?

Miss B. No, it does not bleed now. Papa dressed it last night, and he thinks it will

soon heal: it is getting well; but it is still sore. Poor Bello cannot skip about the lawn, as he used to do. I nurse him, and bring him fresh grass and flowers to eat, as he cannot go in search of them himself. I hope he will soon be strong again. Will you come and see him? Mamma told me she should be happy to see you whenever it is convenient to Mrs. Vincent to spare you. Bello will soon know you, if you play with him. He will eat out of your hand. I dare say he will be fond of you:—he ought to be so, you were so kind to him last night.

Julia. I shall like, very much, to feed him and play with him.

Miss B. Will you, Ma'am, allow Miss Vincent to come and spend this evening with me, or to-morrow evening? Mamma, said, any evening that was agreeable to you. I hope it will be convenient to you to permit her to come soon.

Mrs. V. Julia, my dear, what are your own wishes?

Julia. Thank you, mamma; not this eve-

ning, I shall have so many, many things to tell Mary, and to hear from her.—If you will give me leave to go to-morrow, I shall be very happy.

Mrs. V. I will trouble you, then, my dear, to return Lady Beauchamp my thanks for her kindness to my little girl, who will be happy to accept her ladyship's invitation for to-morrow evening.

Miss B. Good morning, Ma'am. Mamma told me not to stay long, lest I should be troublesome. Good bye. Pray come early to-morrow evening : I have a great many pretty things to show you, that I think you will like very much.

On turning to go out she saw the rose-tree, and returning, added, " I had forgotten the rose-tree. I brought it to help to ornament your sister's room. See, there are several buds on it, besides the full-blown roses. If you take care to water it, and give it fresh air, it will continue blowing a long time. It is my own tree, so I may give it to you."

Julia was delighted with her presents. She knew not how to express sufficiently her thanks. She repeated, "thank you, thank you," many times. She smelled the nose-gay again and again.—She jumped and danced in ecstasy.—She exclaimed, "Marry will be quite astonished ! I wonder what she will say ! My dear Miss Beauchamp, I am greatly obliged to you. I will take care of the rose-tree, after all the roses are gone. I shall always love it, because you have given it to me. I never thought, last night, when I went to gather some primroses, that I should enjoy all this pleasure.—Pray do not forget to tell your mamma, I thank her very much indeed. How good she is !—Kiss the lamb for me, and give him my love : I hope he will be very well by to-morrow evening.—I dare say we shall be very happy."

As soon as Miss Beauchamp was gone, Julia begged she might put the flowers into water immediately, before they began to droop. Her mother was kind enough to

lend her a large flower-pot and two small ones, and to offer her assistance in arranging her treasure, that the various colours might appear to the greatest advantage.—“ Dear mamma, that water is still warm, I am sure !” exclaimed Julia, in amazement, on observing her fill the large flower-pot out of the urn which was standing on the table : “ though it is a long time since the urn was brought up for breakfast, I do not think the water can be quite cold yet.”

Mrs. V. Neither do I wish that it should be quite cold, Julia.

Julia. You are not going to put the flowers into warm water, mamma ! I always put mine in cold water. I never remember your putting any into warm water before !

Mrs. V. Probably not, my dear : you never have been accustomed to flowers out of a hot-house. Hot-house flowers live longer after they are gathered, if they are put into water with the chill off. They have been reared in the warmth, and the sudden

change from heat to cold is not good for them.

Julia. How shall we manage, mamma, to keep the water warm? I shall forget, perhaps, to add a little now and then; and what you have put in, will become cold soon. How shall we keep it warm?

Mrs. V. It is not necessary it should continue warm: it will cool gradually, and the flowers will, by degrees, be familiarized to the temperature of the water, as well as of the room—that is, familiarized to the heat of the air which is in the room. The degree of heat or cold of any thing, is called its temperature.

Julia carefully untied the bass, which was wound round the stalks in order to hold them together. She displayed the whole of her treasure on the table, and consulted with her mother, to determine what flowers would go best together, and how to form the prettiest groups.—“Only smell this rose! Look at this sprig of myrtle! See how delicate the lilac is! These lilies of the valley are quite

lovely ! Did you ever see a brighter yellow, mamma, than this jonquil ! Look at this hyacinth—and this—and this ! I do not know which is the finest. Which do you admire most ? the white, the pink, or the blue ? I will place your favourite in the centre—here, just in front. That does very well. But, mamma, do not you think it will be better to have a little more green ? Shall I put these geranium leaves here, at the back ? —Oh, thank you ! that does beautifully !—There, that flower-pot is full. I wish I could draw. I dare say Mary will copy some of these beauties : I will ask Mary to teach me how to copy flowers. Well, now we may begin to fill another flower-pot.”

In this manner did little Julia chatter on, as busy as a bee, till this important affair was finished. Then she assisted in carrying the flower-pots and rose-tree into the small parlour, which was set apart for Mary’s room. It was a pretty, cheerful room : the window opened into the garden. The prospect of the country beyond was rich and fertile. The

inside was fitted up with shelves, on which Julia had ranged all her sister's books. There were likewise drawers for work, &c and convenient places for writing and drawing implements, as well as maps of different kinds. It was in this room that Julia expected to spend many delightful hours. She could amuse herself quietly, without disturbing her sister when she was engaged ; and therefore she was often allowed to remain the greatest part of the morning with her. She was very attentive, and desirous of learning ; and therefore her sister willingly instructed her ; and, when at leisure, was in the habit of reading and conversing a great deal with her ; teaching her geography and other useful things, which afforded her much amusement. The two small flower-pots were placed on the chimney-piece, by Julia's direction : the large one stood on a high green basket. The rose-tree was placed on a small table, opposite the door. that Mary might see it the moment she entered the apartment. — Julia went out and came in again, that she

might judge of the effect, on first opening the door.—“Do, mamma, be so good as to come here. Will not Mary be delighted?—will she not be astonished?” she repeatedly asked.

Mrs. V. Yes, Julia ; I expect this grand display will surprise her. You will wish to enjoy the pleasure of showing her the house, particularly this room, yourself ; therefore I advise you to begin your lessons, that you may be at leisure when she arrives.

Julia. It is early yet, mamma. There is no hurry. I need not walk to the church lane now, you know, mamma.

Mrs. V. Very true ; yet, admiring these flowers, and settling them and the room to your satisfaction, has taken up more time than the walk would have done. It is now past twelve.

Julia. Past twelve !—I should think you are mistaken, mamma.

Mrs. Vincent showed her watch.

Julia. So it is—five minutes past twelve !
—I could not have believed I had been more

than two hours with the flowers. Well, mamma, I will run and fetch my books ; they shall be ready by the time you get back into the breakfast-room. You shall see I will be very good and attentive.

Julia was very attentive ; she did all her lessons well ; she wrote a copy ; cast up two sums in addition, without a single error ; read a little French, and did some grammar. —When the grammar was finished, she sat down to work. She asked her mother if she might talk to her while she was hemming her handkerchief. Her mother said she might.

Julia. Pray, mamma, why do you not have a hot-house, as well as Lady Beauchamp ? It would be very agreeable to have flowers and fruits at this season of the year, when there are none in the open air. Do not you think so, mamma ?

Mrs. V. Yes, certainly, it would be agreeable.

Julia. Then why do not you have one ?

Mrs. V. Because I am too poor.

Julia. Oh ! now, mamma, you seem to

be joking: you are not poor—not very poor.

Mrs. V. I did not say I was very poor; but still, I am too poor to have a hot-house, with propriety. Hot-houses are extremely expensive: the glass costs a great deal of money to keep it in repair; for it is so brittle that it is frequently broken. Coals are likewise very expensive; and the constant fires which are necessary to bring the fruits and flowers forward, during winter, consume a great quantity. Then the wages of the gardeners would be very high. All these things would be more than I could afford.

Julia. But still, mamma, I do not think you poor. I call Mrs. Jones, who lives in the cottage at the end of the lane, poor.

Mrs. V. No, certainly, I am not as poor as Mrs. Jones is: she and her husband are obliged to work hard, to earn enough to buy coarse food and clothes for themselves and children. When the poor man was ill in the winter, and could not labour, the family were almost starved. Do not you recollect, Mrs.

Jones told me her husband would have died, and herself and children would have perished through want, if Sir Henry and Lady Beauchamp had not sent medicines to Jones, when he was so ill with the rheumatic fever, good warm flannel to clothe him, meat to make him broth, and plenty of potatoes and rice, for the children to eat, till he was well enough to earn his wages again? Sir Henry Beauchamp and his lady, are also kind to a great many other poor people, and assist them when they are ill and unable to work. They are very rich, and are therefore able to do all this good, and at the same time have hot-houses and other expensive things.—I could not.—If I were to attempt to have a hot-house, I should have no money to pay the butcher and the baker for bread and meat. Besides, it is not right to spend all we have on ourselves: we should always take care to save some of our money, to give to those who are in distress, and who are still poorer than ourselves.

Julia. I am sorry you are not very rich, mamma !

Mrs. V. Why, Julia ?

Julia. It would be so pleasant to have money enough for every thing.

Mrs. V. My dear little girl, if we do not learn to be contented with what we have, we shall never be happy. Even Sir Henry and Lady Beauchamp, whom at present you consider the richest people in the world, would not be happy if they encouraged a discontented disposition. No one, my dear Julia, has every wish gratified ; but each person has reason to be grateful to God for many blessings. Jones and his family, though poor and miserable, have great reason to be thankful that their rich neighbours are so kind and attentive to them. Reflect, my dear child, how many blessings *you* enjoy. You have all that is necessary, and even much more—you have many pleasures that thousands of others cannot obtain.

Julia. Yes, mamma ; yet, do not you think I should be a little happier if I had flow-

ers all the year round? I am sure the flowers this morning, have made me very happy.

Mrs. V. These flowers are a novelty to you ; that is the reason you admire them so extremely. Hot-house flowers do not afford Miss Beauchamp, who is accustomed to them, more pleasure than common roses give you, in the midst of summer : and, last summer, how often you passed a rose-tree without bestowing a thought on it. To-morrow night, it will be the same—you will be delighted with many things which she disregards. But is all the happiness you feel on the present occasion, produced by the beauty of the nosegay? Try and discover, if you can, some other source of delight.

Julia. I believe one reason that I am so gay and merry, is, because I expect Mary will be pleased and surprised.

Mrs. V. Yes, my dear, I am sure the thought of giving Mary pleasure makes you happy. But reflect again. Perhaps the cause of Lady Beauchamp's kindness has some share in your happiness.

Julia. Oh, mamma ! I guess what you mean—about the lamb.

Mrs. V. True, Julia. The consciousness of having done a humane action, is always pleasing. If you had lost your bow-pot entirely, you would still have had the comfort of reflecting that you had acted properly. Recollect, we settled last night, that you were happier without the flowers, than you would have been with them.

Julia. So we did, mamma : but I am glad I have this beautiful nosegay, as I did not get it by cruelty.

Mrs. V. So am I, my love : I rejoice that your compassion has been rewarded. You must not, however, expect it will always be the case. Many humane and benevolent actions, are not recompensed in this world. We must endeavour to do our duty, without thinking whether the immediate consequences will be agreeable or not. Though we may sometimes lose a pleasure, we shall enjoy the happiness of possessing the approbation of God, and of our own conscience.

Little Julia thanked her mother for having talked so much to her, and said she hoped she would always be good, that God might love her. She had now finished her work, and her mother desired her to fetch her book to read. She did as she was bid to do, immediately, sat down, and read the following story.

THE RED-POLE.

A little girl, whose name was Emma, was anxious to have a bird ; but her mamma refused to give her one, as she disapproved of confining the pretty little creatures in cages. —“ Mamma,” said Emma, one morning, “ I know a great many little girls who have birds.” “ Very probably,” replied her mother : “ it is not uncommon to keep them in cages ; but that circumstance does not make it less wrong. When you are older, if you do what other people do, without consider-

ing, you will often do wrong. You must think for yourself. If you were to catch one of those happy little birds, which are flying about from tree to tree, and hopping from branch to branch, chirping so gaily and singing so sweetly, you would render it miserable." "Indeed, mamma," interrupted Emma, "I have seen Canary birds, goldfinches, and many other kinds, which are very cheerful, and seem to enjoy themselves very contentedly." "But," said her mother, "they do not pass their lives in the same degree of enjoyment, as if they were flying about."

A few days after this conversation, Emma's cousin came to spend a few days with his aunt, before he returned to school. He had a very pretty bird called Red-pole: he had reared it from the nest. It was very tame. He had taught it many tricks: it would eat out of his hand, and stand perched on his finger whilst he walked about the house. Emma was extremely fond of it, and wished, more than ever, that her mamma did not think it improper for her to have a bird.

She spent much time, every day, with her favorite. It grew fond of her quickly, and appeared to know her as well as it did its master. The day before her cousin went to school, Emma entered her mother's dressing room, with the Red-pole on her finger. "Mamma," said Emma, fixing her eye anxiously on her mother's face, "Cousin Edward says, he must not take Red-pole back to school with him. Dr. Barton desired him not. He said it took up too much of his time and thoughts. So he told me, just now, that he was glad Red-pole loved me, and that he would give it to me. Poor Red-pole, it is of no use your loving me, I fear! I may not keep you.—I suppose you must fly away!" —"No, Emma," answered her mother; "we must do the best we can for it now. The poor creature has been rendered so helpless, that it would perish from want: you may therefore keep it. Remember, however, you undertake a great charge. Children are little to be trusted: they frequently neglect their pets. Many unfortunate favourites per-

ish, from the carelessness of their thoughtless masters and mistresses. Let me see that, in this instance, you will act wisely and humanely." "Oh!" cried Emma, eagerly, "I never shall forget my dear little Red-pole! Thank you, mamma."

Emma did, indeed, pay attention to her bird for the first week. At length she grew tired of seeing the same tricks over and over, without the smallest variety. She was constantly trying to teach it something new.—Unfortunately, one day it occurred to her, that it would be entertaining to see how it would behave in the water. Emma forgot it was winter, and that the weather was very cold. She determined to try the experiment. She chirped, and held out her finger. Poor Red-pole, as usual, hopped on it. She carried him to a pitcher of water, which unluckily was in the room, and plunged him, head foremost, into it. The bird struggled violently. Emma took him out. How great was her horror to see blood gushing from his

beak and eyes. He writhed, kicked in agony, and in a few moments expired.

Emma burst into tears. "Oh, mamma," exclaimed she to her mother, who at that instant entered the chamber, "I have killed my bird! You are right!—children are not to be trusted! I never will have another bird! Oh, my poor Red-pole! my dear Red-pole, which I loved so tenderly!"

Julia talked with her mother some time about the tale she had just read. When she had finished her observations on Emma's conduct, she put the book on the proper shelf in Mary's room. She returned to her mother, and as she passed the window, she saw a carriage drive to the door of the house. "They are come! they are come!" cried the happy Julia, jumping and clapping her hands in ecstasy: "how fortunate, mamma, I have finished all my business!" As soon as the joy and bustle of the meeting were a little over, Mrs. Vincent smiled and said, now, Julia, you may show your sister the

different apartments of the house. Your aunt and I will follow. Lead the way."

Julia took her sister by the hand, and led her, in silence, through the passage.

"Mary, this is to be your sitting-room," cried the little girl, as she threw open the door of the important room.

"My room!" exclaimed Mary: "how beautiful!—it is full of flowers! Dear mamma, how good you are to ornament my room with these lovely flowers.—A rose-tree too, in full bloom. These are hot-house flowers. Have you a hot-house, mamma?" "No my dear, I have not," replied Mrs. Vincent; "nor are you indebted to me for these rare and lovely flowers: they were all given, this morning, to Julia."—"They are yours now, my dear Mary," interrupted Julia: "I give them to you."—Mary kissed her sister, and added, "I thank you very much, my love, for so beautiful a present. But I am curious to learn whence you had them." Julia coloured, threw her arms round Mary's neck, and whispered, "Lady Beauchamp gave

them to me." Mrs. Vincent smiled and said, "I permitted Julia the pleasure of introducing you to your apartment: she merited that gratification; but I shall not allow any one to rob me of the happiness of relating to you the story attached to these flowers. You, my dear Mary, who have assisted me in instructing our little Julia, have a right to share the delight her behaviour has afforded me." Mary's curiosity was strongly excited, and her mother immediately related to her the whole transaction about the lamb.

"TECUMSEH."

The incident of the following narrative, is given on the authority of a gentleman, who had spent thirty years of his early life, a prisoner among the Shawanese Indians, and who knew the celebrated Tecumseh familiarly as a brother.

Tecumseh was returning, slowly and thoughtfully from the chase, when a shriek, as of nature's last and most dreadful extremity, burst on the stillness of the forest. He turned, and beheld, through a vista of the trees, a party of marauding savages, loaded with the spoils of war. A female form, whose fair though faded countenance bore a strong contrast to the swarthy and painted features of the savages that surrounded her, had just fallen to the earth, exhausted with fatigue and suffering. With one hand she clasped a lovely infant to her bosom, while the other was raised to avert the tomahawk that glittered on her closing eye. But vainly!—the dreaded instrument was sunk deep in her pallid temple, and the sufferer already struggled with the throes of death, while the babe, now spotted with its mother's blood, was torn from her last convulsive grasp. It shrunk with instinctive fear, as it raised its blue eyes to the dark distorted features of the warrior; but he gave a loud whoop of unimaginable horror, and grasping its little

feet, swung it carelessly in the air, as he approached a knarled tree, to complete its destiny. One moment longer, and its unstained soul would have flown with the passing spirit of its mother. But the murderous arm, as it was drawn back for the last fearful blow, was suddenly arrested, and a calm, but impressive voice, bade the savage stay his ruthless hand ! And who thus dared to use the language of command to the ferocious and independent son of the forest ? Was it the aged chief, whose voice resounded in the councils of his nation ? or the warrior whose proud front wore the seals of battle ? No ! it was a stripling, who stood before them, loaded with the spoils of the chase ; his olive cheek reddened with the glow, his eye radiant with the fire of youth. But the impress of native authority sat on his polished brow ! and his slender form was drawn up with the attitude of command. The leader of the band quailed before the glance of his calm but terrible eye, and quietly yielded up the

gasping babe to the extended arm of the stripling.

“I will give you these,” said Tecumseh, throwing his load of furs at the feet of the subdued warrior, “and the child shall be mine.”

He received a ready assent to the proposed exchange ; and, turning away with a look of unutterable scorn, directed his exclusive attention to the little victim he had rescued. Its face was yet purple, and its hands still clenched in its agony ; but the accents of gentleness again tranquilized its features, and it soon gazed, without fear, on the bright face of its deliverer.

Tecumseh again proceeded homeward ; his lovely burden but added fresh elasticity to his steps, and he advanced with rapid pace, till the moans of the hungry babe arrested his progress. He then laid it on a bed of moss, and bringing a pheasant from a neighbouring bough, fed his famishing charge with its blood. Never had Tecumseh felt a purer pleasure than that which

warmed his heart when the poor infant, as he bent over it with anxious care, smiled like a cherub in his face. A glow of holy feeling thrilled through his whole frame; and the angel of mercy, like the pillar of fire that guided the wandering Israelites, went before him in light, through the darkness of the forest. He reached the village, and Yonca came forth to meet him. She looked for the slaughtered victims of the chase; and started with surprise at beholding an infant, locked in living slumbers, and clothed with the tints of the pale morning sky. But, alas! its golden ringlets were stained with blood; and Yonca at once conceived its melancholy history.

“I have brought you a gift,” said Tecumseh, laying the sleeping innocent in the ready arms of the compassionate girl. “It is an offering fit for the daughter of Outolaska. Look at her, Yonca! she is fresh from the hand of the Great Spirit, and pure as the snow-flake that falls from his high dwelling. Take her to your heart; and let your affec-

tions cling around her, like the vine that embraces and strengthens the tender sapling. Cherished by the daughter of the red man, and ignorant of her own nation and its vices, her soul shall retain its whiteness, like the snow on the mountain precipice, where no foot can tread. Removed beyond the breath of luxury, which withers the pale daughters of her people, like the mists of the green pool, she shall grow up fleet and healthy as the antelope, and learn to imitate the proud arts, and active employments, of the Indian maid."

Yonca obeyed: the infant was joyfully taken to a heart, whose affections gushed like the rills of spring; and boundless tenderness supplied the place of the delicacies it had lost. Healthy, animated and beautiful, the babe, to whom they gave the name of Egluree, grew up unconscious of misfortune, and regarding her foster family with the utmost fondness. The prediction of Tecumseh was verified. No mark of a feeble race distinguished the blue-eyed daughter of adoption.

Reared in all the gloomy magnificence of nature, Egluree rose above the sickly fears and ideal wants of civilized existence. Delicate as the tenderest flower that reared its fragile head in the lap of spring, she bounded through the forest, mid the roar of winds and the howl of beasts of prey. Her fair falling shoulders, which the scorching sun of revolving summers still failed to embrown, were early practised to share the heavy burdens of the native female of the forest. Egluree wove the wampum in a thousand forms ; she bent the twanging bow ; and, with long slender fingers, paddled the tottering canoe over the rolling wave.

MEMOIR
OF WORTHINGTON M. WRIGHT,
LATE OF ROCHESTER, N. Y.

He was a scholar belonging to the Sabbath School, attached to the 2d Presbyteri-

an Church in Rochester, who died on the 12th of November, 1827, aged 8 years.

In December, 1826, he was suddenly attacked with copious bleeding from the lungs. This complaint was the commencement of a consumption which terminated in his death.

After the first attack of bleeding had subsided, as it was apprehended the complaint might return and soon prove fatal, the father held the following conversation with his child in view of his danger.

What if you should not get well, should you be willing to die?

“I should if I had a new heart.”

What is it to have a new heart?

“It is to have good thoughts.”

Why should you be willing to die, if you had a new heart?

“Because it is a great deal better to live in heaven than in this world. There I should dwell with Christ and God, and good folks.”

Had you not rather live longer in this world, and play with boys, and be with your parents, than to die now, and go to heaven?

“ No Sir, I had rather live in heaven. Because if I had a new heart, I should be some wicked—for every body is wicked in this world. If I had a new heart, I should be willing to have a fit, and die right off. If I was in heaven, I should not hear folks swear—I hate to hear them swear : I don’t love to be where wicked folks are.”

Do you love God better than your father or mother ?

“ Yes Sir, I do. Should I father ?”

Yes. But why do you love God ?

“ Because he is good.”

What did Christ come into the world for ?

“ To save sinners. He died to save sinners I knew that, a great while ago.”

Do you pray ?

“ Yes Sir.”

What do you pray for—that you may get well ?

“ No Sir, I don’t think much about that.”

What then do you pray for ?

“ That I may have a new heart.”

Family prayer was now attended for the

evening. After a little time the conversation was again resumed.

Did you pray along with your father as he did?

“No Sir, I could not keep up with you. I prayed my own prayer.”

What was it?

“I kept praying that I might have a new heart, and all my brothers and sisters, and every body that is in the world.”

Do you pray every night?

“Yes Sir, and I cry every time I pray, before I have done.”

Why do you cry?

“On account of my wicked thoughts.—Father, I feel happy; I love God—I want to pray all night. Can’t I sit up in the rocking-chair all night to pray, and so lie down once in a while to rest?”

It would fatigue you too much my child, you are not able.

“Well father, wont you pray for me again? I shall get a new heart quicker.”

A prayer was again offered, in which he appeared to unite earnestly.

During the night he was more unwell ; but was soon relieved, when he said, “ now I know I shall live till morning.” How do you know that ? “ Because I am better, and God put it into your mind to give me some medicine—God did it. He did not do it *exactly* ; but he put it into your mind to do it, and he would not do that, if he did not mean I should live till morning.”

In the morning he began conversation by saying, “ Father, have not I got a new heart ? I love God.”

I do not know. You must continue to pray—and if you love God because he is good, I shall hope you have. Can you give yourself away to God ?

“ Yes Sir, I can give myself to God, just as you give me an apple, or any thing else.”

If God should think it best that you should die now, are you willing ?

“ Yes Sir.”

Do you love God now, better than you ever did before?

“ No Sir, I loved him when we lived in R——. I used to pray to myself when I was at school. And if I get well, I can pray in school again, and when I am coming home from school on the side-walks.”

He partially recovered from this sickness. But in August last, (1827,) symptoms of a confirmed consumption became evident, and he rapidly declined from that time till his death.

In the former part of his last confinement, he became doubtful whether he had experienced a saving change of heart ; but said he should be willing to die, if he knew he had a new heart : and gave as a reason, that he had rather live in heaven where God is, and where there is no sin, but where all love and praise God. About a fortnight after however, he expressed himself with decision, that he loved God, and had no doubt of it. This change of opinion respecting himself, was not produced by the least encouragement, or fa-

vourable representation of his spiritual state, by any one ; but seemed to be the result of his devout reflections and prayers. From that time he always expressed himself decidedly, respecting his love to God, and hope of heaven. At one time he said, “ I think I have got a new heart and shall go to heaven—I feel as though I should, and I shall praise God and Jesus Christ his Son.”

At this time he related the exercises he had about two years ago. He said, “ I used to go away alone to pray. When I began my prayers, I used to cry for my sins : but when I had prayed longer, I loved God and felt happy. And one Sabbath day since we lived here, when you were gone to meeting, I went into the bed-room and kneeled down, and leaned my head upon the bed and cried for my sins : then I prayed and felt happy.” —At the same interview he conversed with an older brother and a younger sister. He asked them if they did not want new hearts —and told them if they did, they must be sorry for their sins and pray to God. His

little sister said, "I don't know what to say." He replied, "you must say the Lord's prayer, you will find it in Matthew, and you must ask father and mother to teach you to pray. At this time he also told his own method of prayer. This method had never been suggested to him. "First," said he, "I pray God to forgive my sins, then I pray for my parents, then for my brothers and sister, and for J..., (the coloured girl;) then I pray for the Sunday-School scholars; then for the teachers, then for all the people, then for the heathen—and then I pray for myself again."

His mind was especially exercised about the heathen. He inquired one day, when nothing had been said on the subject, "Have Bibles been sent to the heathen?" And being asked why he wished them to have the Bible—he answered, "so that they might be saved."

What said his father shall be done with your money (a few shillings he had laid up) if you should not live? "You may give it

to the heathen," said he, "or you may buy Bibles and send to them."

His apparent resignation to the will of God, is rarely surpassed by older Christians who have made great advances in holy living. His unusual patience, as well as his conversation, discovered an habitual view of the hand of God in all his sufferings. Whatever God chose should be, always satisfied him.

His views were carried above the world. He said one day, "I do not love any thing in this world." And said he felt happier than when he was well because he took comfort in God.

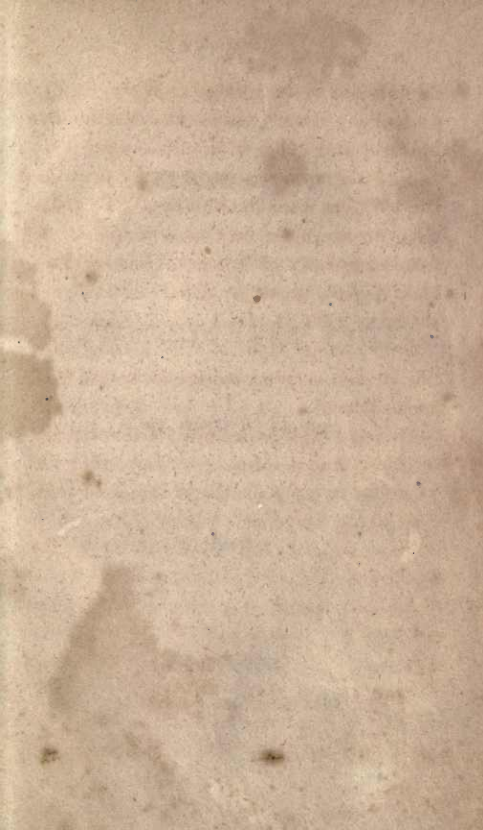
He had a distinct view of the character of Christ as the Savior of sinners. He said to his father, one evening, "you do not always pray for Christ's sake. Every thing I pray for, I pray for Christ's sake. Christ was good to let them kill him by driving nails through his hands and feet into the wood."

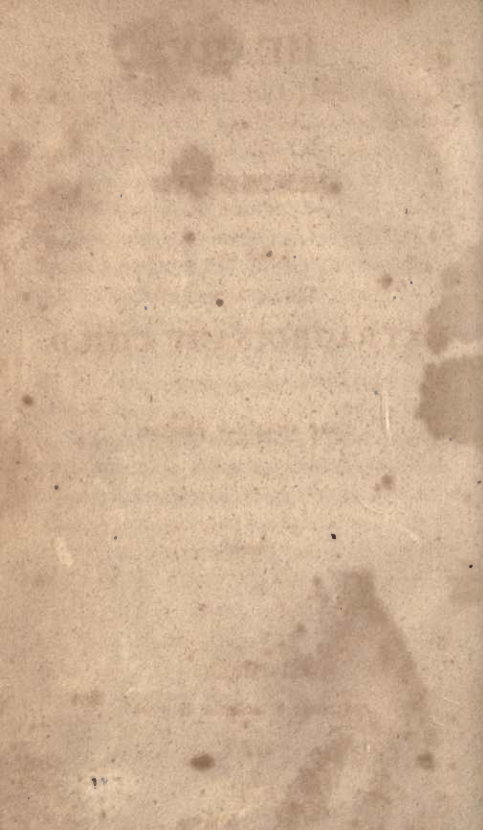
He would seldom express a choice whether to live or die. But chose that God should

do with him as he pleased. When he expressed any choice it was rather to die than he might praise God with all his heart. He said he was not afraid to die at any time, because "God would be with him." The only thing for which he expressed any desire to live longer was, that he might attend two Sabbath Schools more ; "then," said he, "I should be willing to die."

In this happy frame of mind he continued till his senses were benumbed by the chill hand of death.

He has now gone we trust, to that blessed world where his infant mind is purified and expanded to enjoy the bright vision of God.





HENRY,

OR

MEMOIRS

OF AN

EXTRAORDINARY CHILD.

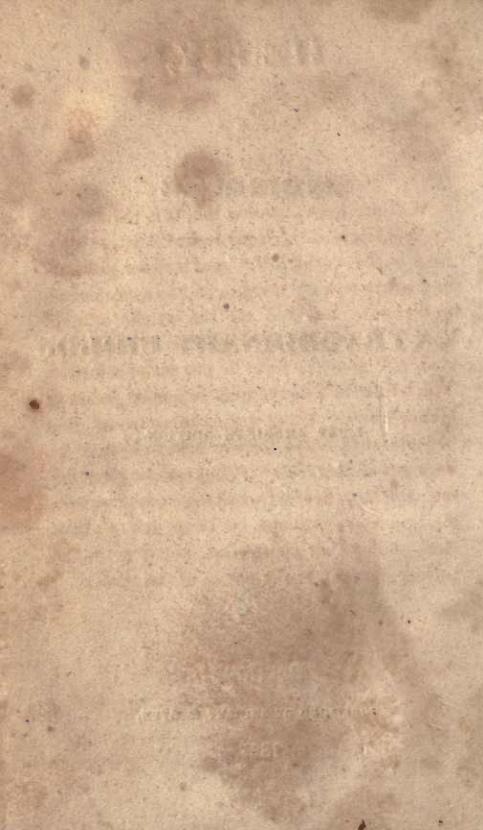
FIRST AMERICAN EDITION.



Portland:

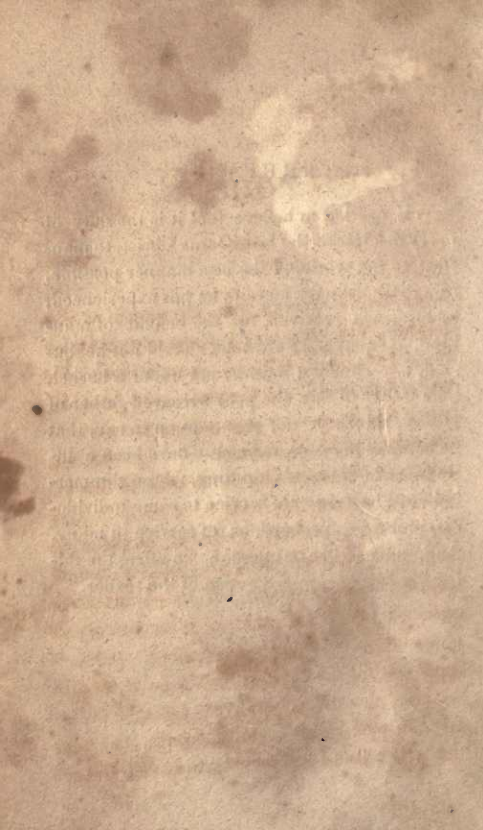
PUBLISHED BY SHIRLEY & HYDE,

1827.



PREFACE.

WE are led to believe that it is the duty of every disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ, to manifest to the world, in the best manner possible, any extraordinary mercies he has experienced, or blessings received, for the benefit of mankind. Talents, we are told, should not be buried, nor should a light be put under a bushel. The writer of this, the poor bereaved father of Henry, thinks it not presumption to say, that he believes his departed son to have been a little taper of Heaven's kindling, whose glimmering rays have been of service to some individuals, and may, perhaps, be of service to many. And, under that impression, he offers the following Memoir to the notice of the reader.



MEMOIRS, &c.

HENRY GARDINER, jun. the subject of this Memoir, was born on the tenth day of October, 1814, in Liverpool, Lancashire. He was a fine healthy boy, whose open countenance and expressive eye indicated truth. At an early period he evinced a lively imagination, and a surprising acuteness of understanding, as may be seen from the following circumstance, which, perhaps, might pass unnoticed by some, and, not unlikely, would be ridiculed by others; but to an attentive observer of human nature, it is worthy of observation. On Christmas-day, 1815, I took him for an airing into the fields, and in walking along with him in my arms, he pointed with one hand beside the path, and with the other hand endeavored to turn my head

to the object of his notice ; (at this time he could not speak.) I immediately turned to the spot where he pointed, and, lo ! there was a knife in the grass. I thought it very strange that a child so young, only fourteen months old, should notice such a thing in an improper place. (The knife, be assured, is kept in the family ever since.) This circumstance was mentioned in conversation with a celebrated limner, of this town, an aged man, of great observation and experience, who remarked, " I have drawn many heads and faces, of all ages and sexes, and contrasted them with character, but I have seldom seen such a head and face as Henry's. Remember me, Sir, if he lives, you will see in him something extraordinary."

His mind expanded very fast ; he possessed the knowledge of his letters as if by intuition ; the double and tripple letters were the only ones that seemed to want any explanation ; spelling and reading he acquired with the greatest facility ; sacred reading alone he appeared fondest of : he was fur-

nished with children's books in abundance, some of them of a lively, entertaining nature ; he would read them and smile, then put them away very carefully, but was scarcely ever known to make any remarks concerning them. Goldsmith's Animated Nature, Geography, &c. and the History of England, he seemed rather fond of, and treasured up the names of animals in his mind, and their propensities ; the countries they flourished in, and other particulars. The same may be said of some of the most striking events and characters in English History ; but the Holy Scriptures, and Watts' and Wesley's Hymns, were his greatest favorites, many of which he committed to memory, perhaps thirty, or upwards ; and had I permitted it, he would, I believe, have learned them all by heart. It is worthy of remark, that, in repeating any thing he had learned, he would scarcely ever miss a word, or make a wrong pause ; but the manner and tone in which he delivered any thing sacred, were most extraordinary. Indeed, many

times it brought tears into the eyes of his hearers. There seemed to be an emphasis and melody in the delivery, that did not belong to a human voice. I have often seen the rough seaman obliged to apply his handkerchief to his eyes, when he was speaking, and oftentimes insist on his accepting some acknowledgement of his love, though much against my will, and his own inclination. I had, generally, at first, to instruct him in all his new pieces; to give him the key, as he called it, and after reading or repeating any thing two or three times, he would excel me in the delivery, as much as I had excelled him before the instruction.

He evinced, in the days of his health, a constancy and fortitude, equal to what he displayed in his sickness and death. One example, among many, I may relate. A woman with a basket of trinkets and fruit for sale, happening to come to the door, at a time when several captains of ships were present, they offered him any thing he should fancy. This was when he was about three

years old. He looked at me, as if for my approbation. I remarked they were trifling things, and seemed to signify a little displeasure at his accepting any thing. This was sufficient, although they exerted their influence in the most endearing manner, even after I had withdrawn; but they could not induce him to take any thing; and this he adhered to, during the remainder of his life. His remark invariably was, "I must ask my father;" if I acquiesced, he accepted it with gratitude and cheerfulness. He was remarkably careful of his little treasures. I think I never had to chide or correct him above twice, and he would speak of it with regret and astonishment as he grew older! "He was grieved," he said, "that he had ever done any thing to vex his father; and that he was very sure he would never be so silly and naughty again."

In the selection of his play-fellows, he was very particular: any who were of a fractious, unruly disposition, he would shun; but if they used bad words, or spake of God

lightly or irreverently, they were considered as enemies by him. In the course of our excursions we have seen boys fighting, and swearing; and on one occasion, in particular, I remember, he insisted "it was wrong even to look at them, if we could not be of service; God does not like to see them fighting and swearing," said he, "Father; and I am sure we should not;" and then he quoted a part of Dr. Watts's Children's Hymn,

" Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
Let Bears and Lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature too.

But, children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise;
Your little hands were never made,
To tear each other's eyes."

If my apprentices ever advanced any thing he thought was false, he would sift them with uncommon address; and his memory being so good, he was sure to detect them, if in a story, and did not fail to remind them of the foolishness of it, as well as of its sinfulness. It seemed that he felt the real and intrinsic

value of truth as much as a person advanced in years and grace.

In the summer of 1819, these lads of mine inflamed his mind considerably, with romantic stories concerning birds' nests, and rambling through the fields. I accompanied him in an excursion of this kind, thinking that the pursuit would be conducive to health. We soon found a nest with many eggs in it; he viewed it with delight, and asked me with much animation, "if little birds would come out of those eggs? I told him they would, and at the same time, one of the lads reached his hand out to take the nest, when he cried out, "O Father! Father! don't let him take it, for the old one will cry!" nor would he suffer it to be taken. Thus did the tenderness and sensibility of a child not yet five years old, predominate over his passions and his love of pleasure! He went on to observe the wonders of God, in giving animals the instinct they possessed, and furnishing them with means of continuing their species. The same tenderness was conspicuous through

the whole tenor of his life. One instance more, I will mention. In the course of our country excursions, he had observed people angling in the pits or pools near the town, and was desirous of obtaining a little rod and line, that he might fish also, promising never to go without me. The rod and line were procured, and every thing prepared ; but when he came to find that a worm was to be put upon the hook, he would not have any thing to do with it. In consequence of this, the rod and line were laid by. " O Father," said he, " I would not have the hook put through the poor worm for all the fish in the pool ! Pretty sort of pleasure, indeed ! "

In September, 1819, Messrs. Saddler and Livingstone ascended in a Balloon from Liverpool. He was much astonished and pleased at the sight ; but nothing very material occurred. He had often been asking me questions concerning the heavenly bodies, particularly relative to the Moon, and Jupiter. Jupiter shone very conspicuously in

the evenings at that time ; and being informed he was much larger than our earth, and that he had four moons moving round him, he seemed much surprised, and asked me, "If we were certain it could be so?"

In a short time, the Balloon was brought back to Liverpool, and exhibited in the Music-Hall, where we went to see it inflated with common air, suspended to the roof. When he was told it was the same Balloon he had seen before ascending from the Poor-House yard, he was struck with wonder, and wished to know "if I was certain it was the same Balloon? it seems so large, so very large." Being satisfied in this particular, he said no more, but continued to view it with astonishment. In coming out of the place, he took me by the hand, saying, in an ecstasy, "now, my dear Father, I see why Jupiter may be bigger than the earth, or the moon. O Father! the stars may be all worlds or suns, for what we know! it is the distance, Father; it is the distance; How

great must God Almighty be ; O Father, how great !” A gentleman, walking out at the same time, heard the exclamation, and putting his hand upon the child’s head, observed, “ If you live, my boy, if you live, you will understand more of these things. What an astonishing conception for a child.”

But it is not his quick conception, his surprising memory, nor his tenderness and sensibility, that I am so anxious to make known. No ; it is the grace of God that shown so conspicuous in his infant mind, and displayed its energy in a way not to be misunderstood. In him was discovered that quickening Spirit, which many who profess religion disbelieve, and which the sceptic spurns as a delusive phantom of the imagination. In him was exemplified the saying of the Psalmist, “ Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise :” again, “ Out of weakness thou hast ordained strength ;” which will be seen in the remaining part of this narrative.

To a Christian, the display of this grace,

is at once gratifying and glorious ; to a doubter, it is astonishing and incomprehensible ; with the one it is the power of God unto salvation, to the other, it is a mystery enveloped in the dark windings of a fanciful imagination. Oh ! this being born again of God, this enjoyment of a Spirit that triumphs over pain, and grief, and death ! Great God ! in thine infinite mercy, through the merits of our Redeemer, grant us grace truly to repent, and to believe with that faith which will produce all these blessed effects, and enable us to cry, Abba, Father !

It was evident from many circumstances, that Henry had a presentiment of his death ; particularly from a conversation he had with my housekeeper, about three weeks before his dissolution, and about one week before he was taken ill. She had herself been unwell, but had recovered : he told her that he himself would soon be ill, but that he should not again get well, as she had done ; observing he should go to a place better than it would be possible to think of here. A lit-

the girl, a Cousin of his, being present, asked him where? "where could he go to be better than with his Father?" "Ah, Emma, said he, there is a place better than my Father's." "But there is no one you love better?" said she, "O yes," said he, "there is; you know, Ellen," said he to the housekeeper. "I do not know any one," she replied, "excepting it be God." "Aye, aye, Ellen, I thought you knew, and I shall soon be with him. Who was it that washed my Mother, and put every thing in order for her when she died?" The housekeeper told him it was herself, and the nurse. (His Mother died eight months before.) "Well, you shall wash me, Ellen." Ellen replied, "you may live many years; I may not be with your Father when you die, and, perhaps, I may be dead first." "No," said he, "Ellen, you will be with my Father when I die, and you shall wash me, and do every thing necessary for me; and be sure you be a good woman, and be very careful and good to my Father; for he will be sure to be good

to you, and will give you another gown, and many things ;” (alluding to the mourning after his Mother’s death.) Then addressing himself to his Cousin, who was four years older than himself, he spoke to the same effect, of being good, and not doing any thing to displease God. He was attacked with a pain in his forehead, which would sometimes leave him, and again return in a very curious way. The physicians called it water on the brain; but I have doubted, and shall ever doubt this to have been the case. They recommended blistering, and leeches, to all of which he would comply with undaunted courage and perfect resignation, and took the nauseous medicines without complaining. But he would secretly tell those around him, he should not recover, and that all that distressed him was on account of his dear Father. “O !” said he, “how my Father will grieve ; but, God Almighty’s will must be done.” I was much troubled with a pain in my own head at this time ; and

when the Doctors arrived, to consult concerning him, he answered to their questions in the clearest manner; "for myself, Sir," said he, "I am nearly the same, but I wish you would try to relieve my Father's head; bleeding, Sir, used to be of service to him; I wish, Sir, you could relieve my Father." The Doctors, though much accustomed to such scenes of woe, were not a little affected at seeing an infant, regardless of his own sufferings, so interested in behalf of his Father; nor did his humour forsake him amidst all his suffering. The blister applied to the back of his head, was intended to produce deep sores, which was very unpleasant. One day, when his uncle went to see him, he said, "Uncle, these Doctors are trying experiments with me, and have put taps in the back of my head, to draw the pain from the front, but it will not do." Then he went on to inquire, "where is my Father? Ask him to shut up the Warehouse, and come and stay with me; what is business, what is money? what is all the world to my poor dear Father!

Uncle, please to come and pray with me."

At intervals of ease, he would have some one to read to him, or he would repeat hymns, or converse on subjects which he had read, in the days of his health, and discovered to all around, a mind above his years, and stored with much information ; but his greatest pleasure seemed to be in having texts of scripture explained to him. "Father," said he to me, with great solemnity, "can you tell me how it was that David should grieve so about Absalom? David was an old man, and a good man, and Absalom was so naughty. Then to go to war against his Father ; I cannot see why he should mourn so, Father? how he did grieve ! "O ! Absalom my son, my son, would to God, I had died for thee ! O Absalom, my son !" My dear Father, don't you ever grieve so. And there is another thing I have often wondered at, and that was, how God loved Joseph, so much more than all his brothers. But who can know God, Father ! No one can know his thoughts. But, I am very sure God does love many be-

sides Joseph." "I hope he does, my dear," said I. "O but, my dear Father," said he, "I am sure of it, I know he does." Yes, he felt it, and it was his comfort and support. In this manner would he spend his intervals of ease. When the disorder had taken that turn that we were sure he could not recover, and all hope was lost, I thought my heart would have melted within me, and I wept most bitterly. This afflicted him very much; he had never seen me before in such an agony of grief; and his little soul was touched with sorrow: he stretched out his arms towards me, exclaiming, "my dear, dear Father! your tears hurt me worse than the pain in my head. Oh! I am afraid you will offend God; this is God's will, Father; there is nothing done without God. Come to me, Father, come and comfort me:" that was to lay my head on the pillow beside him, and put my arm round him. I did so, he took his handkerchief, wiped my eyes, stroked my cheek, and kissed me, saying, with much energy, "my dear Father, you know we do love God,

we believe and fear God ; and God never will forsake those who love him. O ! my Father, my Father, you know what the scripture says, *For whether we live, we live unto the Lord ; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord ; whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's.*" It is needless to say, that this lesson of faith and resignation, from a child not yet six years old, bedewed every one present with tears. But they were tears of love, gratitude and amazement ! He knew he should die, nor did he dread it ; his greatest grief was, to find me not resigned like unto himself : and on this account he was afraid I should offend God. Thus did this infant, by his resignation, and admonitions, enable me to conquer that vile propensity of unbelief ; he taught me more than I ever knew, and I hope and trust he has been the means of teaching me how to live and how to die.

Seeing me at length more calm, he asked me to pray for him, which seemed to relieve and satisfy him very much. " Oh ! my Father," said he, " let us trust in God, he is so

good." I asked him, when he had read the Bible, to know so much of it as he did? A smile came across his countenance, as he said, "don't be angry, Father ; I used to read it when you went up in town." (I did not know he had read in the Bible ; the Testament I knew he had read through many times.) Thus it appears he perused the Bible at certain opportunities, for fear of offending me ; as I had restrained him at times, it is true, thinking he read too much, and that the Bible was too difficult for him. O ! Lord, in thy infinite mercy, pardon my errors, and grant that I may possess that faith and resignation to thy will that this child possessed !

It was rather remarkable that I should take him only two months before his death, a journey of between two and three hundred miles, to see his mother's relations in Cardiganshire, and my mother and sisters, in Herefordshire, an unexpected treat, indeed, to us and them also. Whilst there, he convinced them he was not ignorant of the use of a map, nor the elements of Geography. They were

surprised to see a child so young, so well acquainted with all the counties and chief cities in Great Britain ; together with the different governments of Europe, and those parts of the world from whence the most important articles of our commerce are imported. They were likewise much pleased in discovering that he possessed a knowledge of his Savior's love. His visit to those parts will be long remembered, and the impressions made on the minds of several individuals, will never be effaced, neither in this world nor in that which is to come. His conversation and general conduct were not like those of a child.

After his death, I received a letter from an aunt, who lives with his grandmother, and that part of it which relates to Henry, shall be given verbatim, as displaying their ideas concerning him. She says, "It would give us great pleasure for you to write something respecting the life and death of the dear departed boy ; it may be the means, perhaps, of drawing others to follow his bright example. You will remember the night you first

left him with his grandmother and me, after you came to May-Hill. By his own request, I put him to bed before your return. It being a very fine night, and the moon and stars shining bright, I was speaking to him of the goodness of God in sending the beautiful moon and stars to give us light by night, "Yes, Aunt," said he, "God is very great, and very good to us, and how glad I am, that I never took his name in vain !" I reasoned with him some time, concerning temptations, and observed, I should have thought the different gentlemen who visited his Father's house, would at times, in joke, or in some way, have tempted him to say naughty things, or to take the name of God in vain. "No," said he, "Aunt, they never did ; for if I hear any person swear, or take the God of Heaven's name in vain, it makes my very blood shiver within me. And you know, Aunt, when little children do so, their sins grow like a mountain, just like my clothes," (throwing them one upon another in a heap on the floor ;) "and, when they grow up so

high, you know how hard it is to come to God after." He then went and knelt down by the bed-side, and in such a manner committed his soul into the hands of his Maker, that I shall never forget it whilst I have breath. It was not the words altogether, though they were very appropriate, but it was the awful, and sublime manner, in which they were delivered ; I never heard any thing like it. Many interesting conversations I had with him ; I have since been sorry, that I did not write down many of his expressions at the time, but I hoped, fondly hoped, his Divine Master was preparing him for his vineyard below, instead of ripening him for glory above. But let me endeavor to be resigned, and heavenly-minded as this infant was. The Almighty's providence, my dear Brother, is mysterious, but it will be made more plain to us hereafter."

Two instances more I would mention, of his influence over the minds of others ; and leave any dispassionate person to judge, whe-

ther they were pure natural causes ; or whether from the influence of something beyond nature. A young man, captain of an American ship, whom I had known from a child, and for whom I had a particular esteem, was in the habit of frequenting my house on business, but, who had in his youth contracted a shocking habit of swearing in common conversation : not that he was malicious, or meant any evil at the time ; for he possessed what the world generally call “ a good heart,” and was an enemy only to himself, and his God. My son called him, “ the naughty Captain,” and shunned his caresses continually. However, one day, he was, with others, conversing on general topics, and, as usual, backed his expressions with oaths. Henry, without any ceremony, passed up to him, laid one hand upon him, and with the other pointed up, exclaiming, with much feeling, “ Oh, Captain ! Captain ! ” This gentle touch had such an effect upon him, that I doubt if he ever swore afterwards in the child’s presence ; and it is to be hoped,

it made a lasting impression upon him. The second instance is more interesting still ; and will be remembered whilst memory holds her seat with the empire of reason. I had, in my youth, contracted a habit of swearing, (be it known I was bred to the sea,) but had by watchfulness and prayer, and relinquishing convivial companions, nearly got the better of it ; but it has cost me many bitter reflections, as it was offensive to my God, and very unseemly to man. Oh ! how difficult it is to conquer habits that have been growing with our growth, and strengthening with our strength. But it appears I had not mastered it so completely, but at certain seasons a bad word would escape ; this my dear boy observed, though I was ignorant of it myself ; for I was writing alone in my office, when he came to the door, and looked up in my face, with such a look as I shall never forget, his eyes brim full of tears, and such expression blended with his grief. I asked him what was the matter ? but he could not speak ; he stretched out his arms for me to

take him up, I did so, and kissed him, begging to know if he had hurt himself? but he could not reply. I was alarmed at seeing his distress, and conjured him if he loved me, to tell me what oppressed him? He could bear no longer, but putting his hands, one upon each of my cheeks, he exclaimed, Oh! my dear, dear Father, don't take God's name in vain again; I am afraid you will make God angry with you! Then kissing me, and bathing me with tears, he "begged I would not be offended with him." I leave it to a feeling mind, to muse on my sensations at the time; for I am sure words cannot convey them. Suffice it to say, I had to promise my infant son, I would never take God's name in vain again; in order to pacify him, and allay his grief. What joy, then, beamed in his eyes! he clung round my neck, he stroked my cheek, and discovered a satisfaction not to be described. Thus, this child did more in one minute, than I had been able to effect for years, notwithstanding all my care, anxiety and remorse.

I observed in a former part of this memoir, his peculiar manner of delivering any thing solemn, and must here again observe, that in asking a blessing before dinner, he attracted more than the ordinary notice of many, who had never been in the habit of saying grace, or asking a blessing on their food : I have been bluntly told by some seamen, “there’s something in that child’s face, that does not belong to this world ;” by others, “take care of him, Gardiner, for I think he is a plant belonging to another soil ;” by another, “I am affected more by that child’s expressions than I have ever been by any thing I ever heard or saw before.” Thus it was, when this infant tuned his God and Saviour with his tongue, and lifted up his full spirit-speaking eye to Heaven ;—he who saw it, was sure to feel himself a sinner.

But I must go back to the parting scene. In our digression, we have left the little sufferer on his death-bed : it seems as if nature stayed the pen, or lingered on the way, loath

to recount the final separation. After praying with him once, in our general way, he said, “now, Father, say my own Hymns and Prayers, for I think I mistake in some parts of them, my head seems so light ;” a clear proof this, that he had been praying by himself. It may, perhaps, be gratifying to some, to have his little Hymns and Prayers set down, as we cannot tell but there are kindred spirits who will hereafter learn some part of them by heart ; and call them HENRY’S. If so, I hope a divine Spirit will always accompany them.

HENRY’S EVENING PRAYER.

ALMIGHTY God, creator and preserver of heaven and earth, we thank thee for the protection of the past day, and we wish to renew our thanks for the protection of many, many days past. Continue thy divine aid, we beseech thee, through the present night: thou, O Lord, canst raise us from the sleep of death, as thou canst raise us from the sleep thou hast ordained to refresh our bodies ; there is nothing hard nor impossible to thee. Pardon the sins we have

committed this day, in thought, word, or deed. O! pardon them, for thy dear Son's sake; and bless, O Lord, I pray thee, my Father and Mother, my relations and friends, with the great family of mankind; look mercifully on my native country, and impart thy saving grace to all thy people, old and young, rich and poor, and turn all those who are wandering into the right way. O Lord, bless all thy ministering servants, and make all those who are in foreign lands a blessing to the ignorant and profane. Hear, O! Lord, and answer our prayers, we beseech thee, for thy dear Son's sake, our blessed Redeemer and Saviour, J  sus Christ.

Amen.

HENRY'S EVENING HYMN.

And now another day is past,
 I'll sing my Maker's praise :
 And will, as long as life shall last,
 My grateful accents raise.

My God hath guarded me this day
 From all surrounding ill :
 Continue, Lord, thy help, I pray,
 That I may serve thee still.

In spirit, Lord, in deed and truth,
 Each day I'll strive to mend ;
 O let thy grace assist my youth,
 My Father, and my Friend.

HENRY'S MORNING PRAYER.

WE bless and adore thee, O God! for the return of another day; it is another proof of thy unbounded mercy and goodness. The sun rises to shine upon the just and the unjust; and thy rain, O Lord, descends upon the evil and the good. May such mercies soften the stubborn heart, and reclaim the sinner from his evil ways. O Lord, wilt thou hear an infant's prayers? Continue thy divine aid, we beseech thee, and protect us from the power of our enemy. Correct and subdue the evil that reigns within, and deeply impress upon our minds the knowledge of thy presence. Bless my dear Father and Mother, and grant them an abundance of thy Holy Spirit, to save them in this trying life. Remember in mercy my relations and friends, and the many poor creatures scattered over this great world, who are ignorant of thy sacred name. O Lord! bless all thy people, and bring us, in thy good pleasure, to those blessed regions, purchased for us by the blood of thy dear Son. AMEN.

HENRY'S MORNING HYMN.

FATHER'S.

AWAKE! my Henry, Father cries!
 Awake! behold the day;
 Awake! and see all nature rise;
 Awake, my Boy, and pray.

Come, bless the Lord, for all his light,
 Come bless him for his love ;
 Come pray him to direct thee right,
 And draw thy thoughts above.

The birds, they carol forth his praise,
 The heavens declare his power ;
 The beasts, their eyes in silence raise,
 To bless and to adore.

SON'S.

O God ! receive my Father's prayer,
 And bless his infant too ;
 O ! sanctify the gifts we share,
 In all we think or do.

Since nature joins to own thy love,
 And creatures urge their suit ;
 Since every eye is drawn above,
 How can a Child be mute !

The lillies of the valley own
 Their great Creator's care ;
 By fields, and forests too, 'tis shewn,
 Who reigns and governs there.

Why should we fear, when thou art love,
 When Christ thy Son hath died ;
 O ! grant me grace, this truth to prove,
 And in that love confide.

When he was reduced so weak, that we
 were obliged to apply the ear close to his

mouth to distinguish what he said, he desired to be remembered to his Grandmother, and to tell her he should not see her again in this world, but he should meet her again in another and a better place. Towards the final close, he was troubled with dreadful spasms, and a little before he had the last, he was sensible it was coming on, and begged his uncle and the house-keeper to help him. They replied, "my dear, we cannot help you." "O then," said he, "my God, help me, O! my Lord and God! help me!" His prayer was heard, for the spasm went off, nor had he another, although he lived, and was sensible for several hours afterwards. His happy spirit took its final leave for the mansions of eternal peace, on Saturday, the 9th of September, 1820, at half past nine o'clock in the evening. His remains were interred at Edge-Hill, near Liverpool.

Thus ended the fleeting career of this extraordinary child. He was permitted to come to answer certain ends, of which at present

we are ignorant, and then was taken to the bosom of his Father and his God. But, one of those ends for which he was sent, I firmly believe, was, the bringing his poor, humbled father, to feel the need of a Saviour. Much more might have been said concerning Henry ; but, I hope sufficient has been said to convince us, that at times and seasons, the Lord God omnipotent is pleased to use the humblest instruments to accomplish his designs.

How mild, how bland, the southern breezes blow,
And by that mildness dissipate the snow ;
Which would defy the votaries of fame,
And the world's monarchs, to effect the same.

It is to be hoped that young people, in whose hands this memoir by Providence may be placed, will read it with attention, and remember when they read, that it is not a fictitious tale, calculated to mislead the understanding, but plain unvarnished fact ; which can be attested by many (at present) living witnesses. It is to be hoped also, they will endeavor to be as obedient to their pa-

rents, as submissive to their friends, and as pious towards their God. Then will they be prepared, either for life or death, for time or for eternity. It should not be forgotten, that Henry, though so gentle, so attentive, and so devout, was of the most playful, lively disposition; he never shrunk into self, nor excluded himself from society; but when he was conscious that society was displeasing to his God.

May you, my dear young friends, be as susceptible of every virtue, and of every pleasure, and at the same time be enabled to make as determined a stand against every vice. That you may all be enabled to pray in spirit and in truth; and say, "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom," is the sincere prayer of your

Friend and humble servant,

H. GARDINER.

A

SABBATH IN THE COUNTRY,

OR

RELIGION IN A COTTAGE.

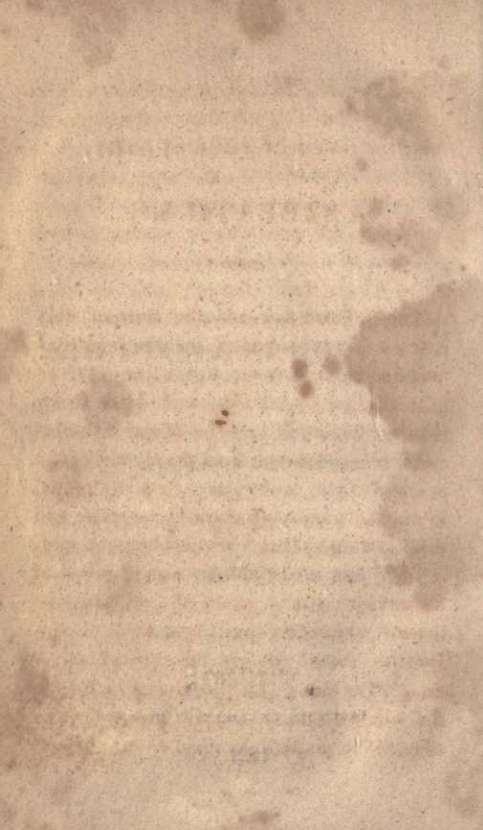
FROM AN ENGLISH PUBLICATION.



Portland:

PUBLISHED BY SHIRLEY & HYDE,

1827.



A SABBATH &c.

The Sabbath dawned—the morn of holy rest so wisely ordained for the repose of man and beast from the wearisome activities of this nether world, arose with all the freshness and beauty of spring—It was cloudless and serene. I awoke from the slumbers of a peaceful night, and entered into my closet, to present a morning sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving to Him “who holdeth our souls in life,” and surrounds the resting-place of his servants with a guard of holy angels—those “ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them who are the heirs of salvation.” The scene which presented itself from the window of my oratory was eminently adapted to prepare the mind for the duties

of devotion, and warm the heart with emotions of gratitude and praise. It was an extensive view, beautifully varied with woodland scenery and sloping hills, studded with flocks of sheep and other animals, grazing on their surface, or refreshing themselves by a morning draught from a beautiful rivulet which meandered through the valley ; while the feathered songsters warbled their matin song, and the flowery perfumes of the garden, taught, through the medium of the senses, the bounty and beneficence of the omnipotent Creator. How many inlets to gratification are connected with the structure of that frame, “ which is fearfully and wonderfully made !” and does not this fact assure us that life and enjoyment are inseparably connected ?—but man is not what he was : “ the gold is become dim, and the fine gold changed :”—that which should have been for his wealth is become an *occasion* of falling. I surveyed in silent admiration the lovely scene before me, feeling, in all its force, the apostrophe of our great poet :—

“ These are thy glorious works, Parent of Good,
 Almighty ! Thine this universal frame
 Thus wonderous fair—thyself how wonderous then !”

MILTON.

The village clock struck eight, and instantly the early chime proclaimed to its inhabitants, a day devoted to the holy exercises of praise and prayer. A new scene now attracted my attention, and gave birth to feelings of high and holy interest ; hitherto I had surveyed the world of matter with delight almost amounting to ecstasy, and now the world of mind and spirit opens to my view, chastening every feeling, deepening every reflection, and awakening many tender sympathies and anxieties. The transition was natural ; it was elevating and sublime ; and I began to feel the great superiority of man “ to the beasts which perish.” A number of little children, of both sexes, neatly clad, and belonging to the village, were proceeding with all the buoyancy and liveliness of youth along the pathway, which, crossing one of the meadows, led to the church ; for

there, at this early hour, they were wont to assemble, and receive that religious instruction which enlightened philanthropy and benevolence had provided for them. The youths and maidens of the village, under the direction and superintendence of the estimable Rector, cheerfully tendered their gratuitous services in this "labour of love," and were accustomed to spend the earlier hours of the Sabbath in this delightful and charitable occupation. "Father of mercies," I ejaculated, "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou wilt perfect praise!" How many parental and friendly anxieties are interwoven with this little flock, who need all the tenderness and assiduity of a shepherd's care? Wilt thou not deign to look with an approving smile on those humble efforts, which, if succeeded by thy paternal blessing, may perpetuate in this happy spot, the genial influences of pure and undefiled religion, and produce a mighty moral transformation in the characters of its inhabitants? The patriarchs of the village shall ere long sleep

with their fathers, and their immediate descendants will, at no distant period, bid farewell to all the activities of life, and rest beside them; but religion dies not in the death of its champions—the mantle of Elijah will rest upon Elisha; and although David's place be empty, “instead of the fathers shall be the children,” successors both in time, place, and occupation; but doubly happy, if precursors in excellence and piety. The best of our sires would willingly awaken such ambition; and if permitted for a moment to divert his attention from the joys of heaven, his eye would rest, with ineffable delight, on the head of that son, who is a better man than his father. The hour of private devotion passed, which had been rendered doubly delightful by those emotions which this beautiful scene had inspired, I descended from my chamber to join the family circle, which consisted of my wife and daughter, a fine blooming girl about eighteen years of age, the image, both in mind, temper and disposition, of her excellent moth-

er ; an intelligent amiable youth of seventeen ; and the worthy and inestimable curate of our village, who was an inmate in my family, and superintended the education of my children. His religion, which was the effect of divine grace on a mind of superior order, and engrafted on a heart naturally cheerful, affectionate and kind, was peculiarly attractive, especially to our young folks, to whom he was much attached, and over whose minds he had gained an entire ascendancy, by the suavity of his manners, and the loveliness of his disposition. With him, appearance and reality were the same ; if the law of kindness was upon his lips, it was but the vocal utterance of internal emotion : while faithful admonition was the natural result of his high sense of religious duty, it was the stern language of principle ; but love gave it utterance. But what of the lady who presided over this interesting circle ? asks the gentle reader ;—the truth is, my good friend, I am too much interested in the portrait to trust myself with the pencil : our union was the

result of mutual preference ; hands and hearts went together, while religion approved the vow. We have now been “ heirs together of the grace of life” for many years. If “ mind is the standard of the man,” I see no reason why the same test may not be applied to the other sex ; and if so, my wife would not be injured by comparison, either as to the endowments of intellect, or the graces of character. Perhaps my fond partiality might be pardoned, were I to say—“ Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.” Benevolence of feeling, however, is her element—here she lives, and moves, and has her being ; and this, refined by ardent piety, has made her the benefactress of the village. The tale of misery, and the tear of sorrow, never fail of their effect with her ; the blessings of those who were ready to perish come upon her, and she causes many a widowed heart to sing for joy. At home she is the centre of attraction and the source of influence ; she reigns supreme, but her power is invisible ; it is the

supremacy of gentleness and love. But to return from this brief digression :—being assembled around the family altar, my reverend friend conducted the devotions of the morning by reading, with unaffected solemnity, the 42d and 43d Psalms, wherein the royal sufferer laments his unavoidable absence from the temple worship, and depicts in vivid and striking colours, the tendency of religious ordinances to calm the tumult of the mind, and shed abroad “that peace which passeth all understanding.” We then knelt down, whilst he implored, in strains of devout and solemn supplication, the gracious influence of Heaven, to consecrate and bless the ordinances of the Christian Sabbath, to the instruction, admonition, and consolation of the sheep, intrusted to his care. How impressive is the eloquence of the heart! The prayer was short; but solemn, overpowering, delightful; it corresponded with our necessities and wishes; and we arose with countenances which seemed to say, in silent eloquence—“It is good to be here.”

Some of my earliest and most pleasing recollections of the Sabbath, are associated with the sound of village bells chiming for service ; & I am not ashamed to own, they still possess a powerful charm, as the sound, softened by distance, floats on the wings of the morning, or is borne on the fragrant gale of a summer's evening. An admirable peal of eight bells, in sounds of sweetest harmony, announced to the villagers the approach of the hour of prayer ; & the path which led to the church was soon filled with persons of all ranks and ages, repairing to the hallowed spot where the " rich and poor meet together." The concourse was unusually great, in expectation of a funeral sermon, to improve the death of an amiable and exemplary young lady, whose " sun had gone down while it was yet day." Her death was severely felt by the whole village : philanthropy had lost an active and indefatigable agent — ignorance, a useful instructor ; and poverty, a valuable friend. She had gone about doing good, but the night of death had para-

lized her efforts, and closed her work. She was numbered with the blessed, and absent from the body, was present with the Lord. We entered the church a few minutes before the commencement of the service; it was nearly full. A solemn silence pervaded the whole assembly: the sacred character of religious worship reigned around, and had proscribed every appearance of thoughtlessness and folly. My clerical friend read the prayers most impressively, distinguishing by his voice and manner, the varieties of this admirable service; a heart warmed with the spirit of devotion, an eye which beamed with benevolent solicitude on all around, added to a clear and melodious utterance, carried his whole auditory with him: it was the contagion of holy feeling—a combination of reverence and delight. The responses were duly sustained by the congregation in a subdued tone of voice; and the singing, led by a fine toned organ, was general and harmonious. When the communion service commenced, the effect was greatly increased by the mel-

low and deep enunciation of a venerable man, whose head many winters had silvered over ; and in whose benign and dignified countenance, you would immediately recognize the beloved Rector of the village, who was emphatically styled—the father of his people. Age and infirmities had not entirely deprived us of his public labours ; once, at least, on the Sabbath, he appeared in the pulpit ; and when he came, it was always “in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of peace.” His venerable and excellent character in private life—his long experience of the power and value of religious truth—his mild and compassionate disposition, added to his intimate acquaintance with the character and necessities of his parishioners, eminently qualified him to minister to their spiritual necessities. If you sought him during the week, you would find him occupied in his Master’s work—soothing the sorrows which wretchedness had created—dissipating the clouds which ignorance had collected—visiting the abodes

of disease and pain ; or standing by the bed of death as the minister of life and immortality. These scenes furnished ample materials of thought ; and he always considered them as most favourable to the acquisition of spiritual knowledge and sympathy. He was an accurate observer of human life ; and his most beautiful and powerful illustrations of scriptural truth, were founded on the passing circumstances of the day, which were thus laid under contribution to the general good. It might be said of him with great propriety, that he was “ instant in season and out of season—a workman that needed not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth.” His prominent excellence, however, consisted in this :—wherever he went, or whatever he did, in his ministerial character, he always carried the unutterable tenderness and gentle sympathies of Christianity about him. His very reproofs, while they abated nothing of fidelity, were delivered in tones of affectionate concern ; and if the heart were already broken, and the spirit

bowed down, to pour in the oil and wine was ever most accordant to his feelings, and here he richly enjoyed the luxury of doing good. How many families in this retired and beautiful spot owe their happiness to the delicate suggestions which dropped from his lips, in the season of friendly intercourse, and are indebted to his counsel for that decisive step which has formed a new era in existence, and become the prelude of prosperity and enjoyment. When he came to reside here, many years ago, the village was a moral desert in the midst of a Christian land : it could scarcely present a feature of the “ form of godliness ;” ignorance and vice characterized the poor, and listless indifference to the name or forms of religion, prevailed amidst the higher class. The Bible was unknown, the Sabbath despised, and the church almost forsaken ;—youth had no instructor ; sorrow no comforter ; man no friend. Ominous indeed were the predictions of such a scene, when a vacancy occasioned by death, led to the appointment of the present incum-

bent, who forthwith came to reside at the Rectory, and perform the duties of the church in his own person. Many years have passed since then ; and one of the most beautiful scenes in nature, so long devoid of moral cultivation, is now the abode of industry, happiness and peace. The establishment of a Sunday-school, was highly conducive to this moral change ; it recognized the value of religious instruction, and furnished an opportunity of directing the minds of parents to the important subject. This was but a preparatory measure however ; and to the faithful preaching of the gospel of Christ, we are principally indebted for our present advancement in the knowledge and power of godliness. May we long possess these noble institutions, and leave them as our best legacies to posterity when we are silent in the dust. On the present mournful occasion, our Rector preached an admirable sermon from the 10th chapter of St. Mark, and 14th verse —“ Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not.” Having described

the value and importance of a religious education in early life, he thus proceeded in a strain of touching and impressive eloquence : —“ These considerations have been formed in my mind by an instance which, painful as it was, was also most powerful. Nor let me be thought to depart from the decorum of this place, if I mention it. What indeed should forbid me, from this place, to speak to the dead? This is the place to speak of them. I knew one, who entered life with advantages such as few of her sex possess— young, very young; beautiful, accomplished, affluent; the idol of her family; the delight of every eye that saw her. She grew as fair and fresh as the gourd over the head of Jonah; but God had prepared a worm to smite the gourd, and it withered. I saw her suffer—I saw her die. She lingered through two whole years of torture, unexampled and unmitigated. I often saw her lip turn white with agony; I never saw it quiver with a murmur. Her youth struggled hard with

death, and her friends clung to hope, while there was a hope to cling to. While she could yet walk, she frequented the house of God; when she could no longer do so, she worshipped Him from her bed of suffering. Hope and faith were with her there, and her charity never failed; her last act was to press with her cold hand into mine her accustomed ample bounty to the poor. By her death-bed stood her triumphant mother—yes, triumphant—for grief, that conqueror of all things human, contends in vain with the power of the Gospel. What supported that mother in that hour? She had led her, when a little child, to Jesus, and now she resigned her to him; aye, and with a happier spirit than if she had stood at the altar, to give her daughter's hand to the first and fairest of the sons of men. What consolation could that mother have then derived from the sight of withered youth, faded beauty, and prostrate talents? None. Her consolation was from above. She saw her young pilgrim going to the promised land, and the view enabled

her to watch her as she passed through the waves of Jordan. Parents, and all who hear me, you may one day be called to her trial. Would you not wish for her consolation? Worlds—worlds would you give for it then; purchase, O purchase it now; the price is easy—is delightful; it is this, that you suffer your little children to come unto Christ, and forbid them not.”

We had not proceeded far on our walk homewards, when we were joined by the Curate. “Well,” said he, “religion has her crown as well as her cross, and death is not always a king of terrors.” “No,” I replied, “we have to-day had a fine illustration of its transforming power, and one, I hope, which will not soon be forgotten. They are greatly to be pitied whose early associations are hostile to religious truth; but I fear such instances are too numerous, even in this Christian country;—it is the only preservative from evil and dangers incident to every age. The importance of early impressions is not duly estimated, either in reference to

the character or happiness of our children. In the general admission of human depravity, parental fondness too frequently excludes our own sons and daughters ; fears are lulled to rest in the lap of self-love, and the injury is inflicted before the apprehension of danger exists." " Yes, sir," he replied, " and in many cases, religious education assumes a repulsive form ; the study of its truths is exacted as a task, rather than proposed as a beneficial and pleasing occupation. This will invariably disgust the mind, and furnish an additional obstacle to the admission of light. I am quite disposed to think, that whatever is efficacious must be attractive. More converts will be gained by smiles than frowns ; and surely the Christian scriptures abound with attractions. What interesting descriptions ! what endearing promises ! what splendid prospects, are contained in the Bible ! In what a pleasing aspect does the very text of this morning, present the Author of Christianity as the friend of youth ! How gentle and dignified his mein ! How persuasive

and tender his invitation ! If the influence of religion be allurements, the young heart is peculiarly susceptible of its attractions. I am quite convinced it is the true key of access, and accords most entirely with the language of him who says, “ My son, give me thine heart.” I was about to assent to the opinion of my friend, when we arrived at home ; and dinner being ready, we sat down to enjoy the bounty of a kind and indulgent benefactor, who giveth us all things richly to enjoy.

A short time after dinner, as we were conversing on some of those interesting topics which had occupied us during our walk from church, a messenger arrived who wished to speak with the Curate. “ I am summoned,” said he, as he re-entered the room, “ to visit the chamber of death, and I anticipate a scene of peculiar interest; will you accompany me?—it will present you with an opportunity of witnessing the power of religion in a cottage. You know I have often said that Christianity was especially the ‘ poor man’s friend ;’ let us see how far this may be

substantiated by fact." I assented with pleasure, and during our walk to the cottage, my friend thus prepared me for the interview.

"The object of my visit is a poor uneducated woman, who has resided in this village for some time. During the last two years she has been a constant attendant in the house of God, until her present illness confined her to her bed about a month since. I was pleased to observe, when I last conversed with her, that her mind was evidently under religious impressions; and though she said little, for she appeared very modest and retiring, I was satisfied that she had not attended the services of religion without much benefit. I have been since informed, that she is tranquil and happy. Her abode is on the border of the adjoining parish, just beyond the mill which you see before us."

We crossed a little rivulet and entered the garden; it was small, but neatly arranged. At the door of the cottage, stood her husband, who seemed anxiously awaiting our arrival, and taking off his hat as we approach,

ed him, addressed my friend, "Oh, sir, I am so glad you are come ; my poor wife is so very bad, and she says she shall die happy if she can but see you ; pray, sir, walk in." " I have brought a friend," said the Curate, " who wishes to see what religion can do for the poor, and I hope he will see that it can make them happy in the hour of death ; I have heard that your poor wife has a religion which can support her—is it so ?" " Ah, blessed be God, and one that can support me too, sir, or I do not know what I should do now :—poor Betsy ! she will soon be gone to heaven, but I hope God will take care of me and my poor children—I have six of 'em, sir." " Well, my good friend, you know He has said ' leave thy fatherless children, and I will preserve them alive, and let thy widow trust in me,' and this applies to both parents." The poor man, whose heart seemed too full for utterance, led the way to the chamber of death, and having placed two chairs for us by the bedside, left the room. As my friend took his seat beside the poor

invalid, she cast upon him a look of unutterable pleasure, clasped his hand in both hers, and said, (the hectic flush glowing on her otherwise pallid and emaciated cheek,) “ Oh, sir, I am so glad—so very glad to see you, that I may thank you before I die, and tell you what good you have done for a poor wicked careless creature, who but for you would have been lost forever ; you don’t know what I was—you don’t know what I am—don’t stop me, sir—let me tell you all while I can, for my breath is very short, and I was so afraid I should be gone before I could see you.” Seeing her great anxiety, and afraid of wearying her, the Curate sat in silence, his hand grasped in hers, as she thus proceeded :—

“ During the early part of my life I was careless and thoughtless ; I had no advantages when a child, and was never accustomed for several years to go to any place of worship ; after I was married I used to go sometimes, but nothing I heard at church did me any good ; my Sabbaths were generally

spent in working for my family, and I thought I had no time to spare for any thing else ; the thought of death or another world, seldom entered my mind. It is now about two years ago since I heard of your preaching, and I thought I would come and hear you ; they told me you were a methodist. I did not know what it meant. At last I came, and I shall never forget that day ; the text was about the tares and the wheat ; you said the former were to be burned at last, and as you described them I thought I was so like them that I must be burned too ; I could not get rid of the feeling, and night after night as I lay awake, this subject would come into my mind ; I was exceedingly frightened and distressed ; it followed me every where, and I was quite miserable ; I had not a soul to speak to, and I could not read a word ; I thought if I could read the Bible I should be better, and gain some relief, but I could not. A poor old woman, more than seventy years of age, who lives next door, used to come in now and

then ; I found that she could read, and I asked her to come and read to me, which she did ; my mind was somewhat better ; in about a fortnight or three weeks I heard you preach from these words, ‘ Where sin abounded grace did much more abound.’ I cannot describe how I felt ; my fears were removed, and I saw that there was mercy for poor sinners, even the worst. I would have given any thing to speak to you, but I dare not ; I thought it would be too great a liberty ; I thought if I could touch your gown it would be a pleasure to me. When I went home, I wept bitterly ; I tried to pray, but all I could say was Mercy ! Mercy ! I told my husband what I felt, but he laughed at me, and told me I was mad. I asked him to go and hear you, if only once, but he would not ; after this I became much more composed, and by degrees from going to church, & hearing this poor woman read the chapter in which the texts, were I became quite another being. I trembled to think how I had been living, & determined never to omit the services

of the Sabbath as long as health and strength should allow me to go. My ability to pray increased daily, and oh ! how happy have I felt when with tears I have prayed for my poor husband and children ! I never forgot you, but prayed that you might be faithful and tell me more and more about my state ; I often thought you must have been told how careless and thoughtless I had been, for what you said came home and often pierced me to the heart. But, my dear sir, this is not all ; God has heard my poor prayers, and my dear husband has come with me for nearly twelve months, has left all his bad company, and he can pray too ; it would do your heart good, sir, indeed it would, if you were to hear him pray ; and since I have been so ill he has been the kindest creature ; he never goes to bed at night, or to work in the morning, without kneeling down and praying for me and my poor children who will soon be motherless ; but God will take care of them—yes, sir, I am sure he will, and I can resign them all to him—and die

happy now. Christ has died for poor sinners—I am a poor sinner, and all my hope is in that blessed Saviour. I often think, as I pant for breath, and am burned up with fever, what is all this to what my dear Redeemer suffered, and I can then suffer without murmuring ; it won't be long, and if I am safe, oh ! how happy shall I be when I see Him as he is and live with him in yonder world. I am quite ready to go, but hope patiently to wait his own time ; and now I have had the desire of my heart to see you and tell you all. You little thought what good you were sent to do for such a poor worthless creature, and I thought you would like to know, and would not think it a liberty for me to send to you now. May God Almighty for ever bless you !” she exclaimed, her eyes streaming with tears, “and make you as useful to others as you have been to me ;” then grasping more firmly the hand she held in hers she sunk back on her pillow exhausted with the mental and bodily effort she had made, and which had been interrupted by

many paroxysms of difficult and laborious respiration.

My friend was so overpowered by this affecting and unexpected narrative, that he sat for some minutes in speechless admiration, while the tears of delight and gratitude flowed down his manly cheeks. "This is the Lord's doing," he at length ejaculated, "and it is glorious in our eyes; which of us can doubt the reality of divine influence, or the transforming power of saving grace? I came as I thought to instruct and comfort you, my good friend, but what can I add to your knowledge or enjoyment? I am a learner here, and all that remains is to join with you in grateful acknowledgement for such distinguishing mercy, and in imploring that support which you may yet need in 'passing through the valley of the shadow of death.'" We knelt beside the bed, & my friend offered up a suitable prayer, in which the poor sufferer fervently united; and having taken our leave of her whose face we were never again

permitted to see on earth, we proceeded on our walk homewards. The scene we had witnessed furnished an ample field of devout and serious reflection. In the course of the ensuing week we were informed of her dissolution; her hopes brightened as the solemn time advanced, and the messenger of wo to thousands was to her the minister of peace; she fell asleep in Jesus, and is now among the spirits of the just before the throne of God.

When we were all assembled together, after the close of the evening service, I related to the members of my family the particulars of the impressive scene to which I had been an eye witness. What a day of instruction and delight has this been! I could wish the emotions which were excited should never subside; we have beheld nature in her gayest attire, ornamented and perfumed by the exquisite workmanship of the Deity for the abode of man; surrounded by all that can delight the eye and gratify the senses, he lives in a terrestrial paradise which is filled with a-

bundant proofs of bounty and goodness.— And yet how many thoughtless, inattentive observers of these lower works are found amongst us, in whom no one sentiment of adoration or reverence is excited towards Him who made and governs the world—

“Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
The hero perish, and the sparrow fall.”

The moral world, however, is a scene to which the attention is especially directed on this sacred day, which reminds us at once of our dignity and depravity. We know what mankind are by nature, and we have this day witnessed the triumphs of religion; how it can subordinate in the bosom of youth all the attractions and delights of the present, to the imperative claims of the future, and carry the “lambs in its arms” safely and victoriously through the chilly streams of death; how it can heal the wounds of sorrow, and teach parental love to weep no more; how it can disperse the mist of ignorance, and quicken into new and spiritual existence all the sensibili-

ties of our nature ; how it can dissipate the awful gloom in which poverty and wretchedness envelope many of our species ; the contrast of capabilities, our feelings, and habits, which it creates, may well excite our astonishment, while it administers to our joy.—Nothing similar is effected in the halls of literature, or the schools of philosophy ; water may rise to its level—it can reach no higher elevation but through the agency of superadded power. In the evils of this life, the moralist and the philosopher may propose useful and practical remedies, but for the terrors of death and the solemnities of the future, they have no specific ; for the world by wisdom in its best estate, and when science had reached its zenith, knew not God, until “life and immortality were brought to light by the Gospel.” The glory of the Christian faith consists in its universal adaptation ; by its influence, coronets, diadems, and sceptres are consecrated and shine with preternatural lustre, while the “short but simple annals of the poor” proclaim its value and record its power.

Deprived of all external advantages, it shines here especially in its native lustre, and proves beyond all cavil that the Gospel is "the power of God to salvation." Whence had this poor woman this knowledge and the high consolations? not from education, for she could not read a word; not by imitation of excellence in others, for no such examples were presented; not through the performance of external ceremonies, for these had for years been useless and ineffectual. No; her religion came from above, and it was amply sufficient, under the most unfavourable circumstances, to form her character, and prepare her for death and immortality. Remembering that it is to the institution of the Sabbath we owe the means which are capable of producing such changes as these, and that this is a day made especially for the benefit of man, we owe a large proportion of our blessings to the due observance of it; not in mere cessation from the common business and amusements of life, but in availing ourselves of those advantages which it presents of learning the things

“which belong to our peace,” and looking forward with cheerful hope to that eternal Sabbath of holy rest, which awaits every good and faithful servant in that high world, where “mortality shall be swallowed up of life.”

¶ In these, and similar reflections, we indulged till the accustomed period of family devotion ; a day thus profitably spent was closed in earnest entreaty for that measure of divine grace, which can alone ensure the accomplishment of our heart's desire, “Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.”













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